

OCT. 5,
1940

Liberty 5¢



WHAT AM I LIVING FOR? By an Economic Royalist
PIGSKIN PROPHECIES By Norman L. Sper
DIE CANTOR—BERNARR MACFADDEN—BEN AMES WILLIAMS—ERIC HATCH



James Montgomery Flagg drew this picture from Joseph Triska's wedding photograph. In those days, Triska was moving from one job to another, trying to find steady work. He finally joined the Alcoa in 1926, and has been with us ever since.

Joseph Triska, worker in Aluminum HE GOT A JOB THAT LASTED



Here is Joseph Triska, the Bohemian immigrant boy of 1902, at home in East Saint Louis in 1940. The Triskas have two other grown children besides those shown in this picture, taken in their attractive living room.

READING TIME • 1 MINUTE 58 SECONDS

July 3, 1926 is an important date in the life of Triska.

After he landed alone in America in 1902 he had a number of different jobs in 24 years.

But, since July 3, 1926, he has been working regularly at the job of helping us make aluminum, a job that has made possible a comfortable, well-furnished home, and an education and opportunity for two fine sons and two lovely daughters.

To look in upon the plant where Triska works, you'd take it for exactly what it is—a big chemical factory. It is one of the plants where we tediously refine the ore, bauxite, into a white powder called aluminum oxide, or alumina.

Two pounds of high quality alumina come out of every four pounds of cleaned and selected bauxite ore. If Joseph Triska should follow this alumina along to our distant reduction plants, he would see that, finally, only one pound of aluminum is obtained from these two pounds of alumina.

Even if he were acquainted with little more than his own plant, Triska would still be aware that making aluminum is a long and expensive process. The alumina which he works on has to be made very carefully, because its quality affects the quality of the sheets, structural beams and castings of strong aluminum alloys that are made in many other plants of the company.

This care in making alumina gives Triska the feeling of being part of an organization working with the single idea of making aluminum better and cheaper. The metal sold for 27 cents a pound when he came to work for us fourteen years ago; now it is only 18 cents. New alloys and new forms have made it more efficient and more useful.

That has made it possible for more people to use aluminum more ways than ever before. And that's what makes Joseph Triska's job a steady one.

It's the kind of thing that makes Triska think America is a mighty fine place to raise a family.

ALUMINUM COMPANY



OF AMERICA

Do you see Johnny, aged 7?

No! I see a Man who is starting at Dartmouth!

Will he get on in his Life at College?

Yes! He has a Smile that takes Him Everywhere.

Why is his Smile so Attractive?

For one thing he has always used Ipana and Massage.



Why risk "Pink Tooth Brush"? Help your gums to become firmer, your smile brighter—with Ipana and Massage.



LET Dad rule the family finances...let Mom be the "law" in running the house...but it's often wise to listen to the youngsters when it comes to dental care!

For today, thousands of children are taught in school a lesson that many an adult still has to learn...the importance of gum massage to healthy gums, sparkling teeth.

They know that many of today's foods are too soft to require vigorous chewing. And our gums, deprived of exercise, often tend to become weak, flabby. Then all too frequently comes that warning tinge of "pink."

Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

The minute you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist! It may not mean serious trouble, but it's a warning you should not ignore.

Your dentist may simply tell you that your gums have grown lazy, need exercise. And he, like so many dentists, may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage"!

For Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it is specially designed to aid your gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—is evidence that you are stimulating your gums—helping them to become firmer, healthier!

Get a tube of Ipana today. Start now to let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a more radiant smile!

Ipana Tooth Paste

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHERWALTER LLOYD
ART EDITORFULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HENRY WALLACE, THE FAIR-HAIRED DREAMER

BERNARR
MACFADDEN

The nominee for Vice-President on the Democratic ticket has an engaging personality, a winning smile. As a teacher he was a great success. As a business man he was lacking in practical experience. His father was a great publisher, but Henry's part in the family enterprise was chiefly that of editorial writer and correspondent. The business eventually passed from the family's hands, although Henry was retained as editor.

As a schoolboy dreamer he is a phenomenal success. As a practical hardheaded business man he shows an appalling lack of experience.

High prices were apparently Mr. Wallace's one and only objective. Scarcity was the means adopted. The killing and destruction of pigs and cattle . . . the plowing under of growing crops, and many other senseless theories were put into practice.

The farmers were to have a square deal; and with that conclusion we agree wholeheartedly. But protection that in future years leads to ruin and wreckage is foolish.

The results of experience and sound judgment were discarded by our Secretary. He had his own ideas, and the hundred and thirty million citizens of this country were his guinea pigs.

Instead of protecting the farmers by ensuring them a fair deal from middlemen and buyers of every kind, the Secretary started the policy of charity handouts. If you would restrict your crop below what you raised the previous year, you got in on the charity racket. *Some of our big farmers were paid huge sums, from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars or more, for allowing their acreage to lie idle.* Can any one in his wildest moments find a constructive reason for such a procedure?

Waste regardless of its nature represents a definite loss.

Mr. Wallace was nominated as running mate to President Roosevelt not because the party wanted him, nor because there was the slightest demand throughout the country. He is expected to line up the farmers' vote. Hundreds of millions he has handed out to the farmers, taken from the taxpayers' money and increasing the colossal indebtedness which this administration has piled up.

Direct federal payments to farmers from 1933 to 1939 totaled \$3,094,000,000. The annual payments increased in this period from \$131,000,000 to \$807,000,000.

The Vice-Presidential nominee reminds us of a rich man's son, charitably inclined, who desires to help the needy, and, instead of restricting his charitable inclinations to the profits of his business, he begins to give away his capital, and in a few years his fortune disappears and he has to look for a charity handout.

Now, if Mr. Wallace's spending spree could continue indefinitely, the farmers might be wise to support such a fantastic policy; but there can only be one result and that is governmental insolvency. The currency which we now use for money will be waste paper. Insurance policies, bank balances, and values of every kind, perhaps real estate excepted, will disappear altogether.

Now, what the farmers of this country want over and above everything else is security for themselves and their families.

But those who are only looking ahead from three to five years and who do not care a tinker's dam what happens to this country thereafter—they should vote for Wallace. He's the fair-haired boy who will hand out money as long as it lasts. But if they are trying to stabilize and bring safety to this country, they will vote for a business man who first seeks security of a dependable nature—this year, next year, and twenty-five years ahead. A practical hardheaded business man knows that this government cannot long continue to spend nearly double its receipts. He knows the budget must be balanced—a terrific task.

The farmers are the backlog of this nation. They represent our greatest stabilizing force, but they must look to the future.

Take all you can get of the handout, but when you cast your ballot, vote for a man who will release us from this ruinous procedure.

Think of the future. Think of your children, and your children's children, and the safety and stability of this nation in years to come.

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ON PAROLE



**Plain talk about a "national disgrace"—
from an ex-crook's point of view!**

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

FOR a number of years criminologists have been talking their heads off about our parole system—how it is being abused and how to correct the abuses. Unfortunately, however, these gentlemen haven't been able to agree on anything, and they have resorted to hurling verbal brickbats at each other.

J. Edgar Hoover, the boss G-man, for example, has held that parole, as it is administered today, is a "national disgrace." Our parole boards, he adds, are dominated by "convict lovers" and "sob brothers" who release "criminal mad dogs" in droves to prey on society.

The parole boards reply that Hoover is talking through his hat and rush to the defense of the present system.

Meanwhile the taxpayers who have been kicking in an average of \$200,000,000 a year for ten years or more to maintain the parole system are wondering who is right.

I can tell you what's wrong with your parole system, Mr. Taxpayer, and how easily it may be converted into an efficient auxiliary of your protective system. First, let me explain the mechanics of parole.

In most states the convict is eligible for parole when he has served one third of his term, if he has been a model prisoner and can produce a

reputable sponsor who will guarantee him employment. A silly method, I submit, for determining a felon's fitness for liberty, as many criminals, if not all, have a talent for acting and dissimulation. I am speaking now, mark you, as a fellow who has kidded quite a few parole boards into opening the gates for me.

Here, then, are the three principal defects of your parole system: the method by which the prisoner's fitness for liberty is determined; the private-citizen-sponsor idea; and the lax supervision of the convict after he has been liberated. Now for the remedies:

Something more than good conduct should be demanded of the applicant for parole. The officials should try to ascertain whether or not the convict has a capacity for industry. Was he ever engaged in honest labor? His history should be studied for evidence of habitual criminal tendencies. With whom has he been corresponding in prison, law-abiding citizens or criminals? Has he severed relations with his family? Any crook who has

severed relations with his family is a very bad parole risk.

Furthermore, every applicant for parole should be subjected to a thorough psychiatric examination, as he may be a defective. Our parole boards are known to have released quite a few defectives.

I recommend that we immediately discontinue paroling second, third, and fourth offenders. No habitual criminal should be paroled, regardless of what his prison record has been. All habitual criminals should be condemned to life terms, and when they have exhibited a yen for the straight and narrow, parole them under the supervision of your police, *not the parole boards*. Bamboozling idealists is a cakewalk to the average crook, but bamboozling a wise copper is something else.

I recommend that we abolish the private-citizen-sponsor idea and thus eliminate the double-crossing underworld sponsor. The state should sponsor the paroled convict. We need state and federal employment bureaus in this country for ex-convicts. Above all, we should immediately stop sentencing criminals, all of them, first offenders and tenth offenders, to determinate periods of imprisonment. Today, for example, there are at least 75,000 crooks at large in our cities who have served from one to a dozen terms. Many of them are unknown to the police by sight. They come and go as fancy dictates, rambling from state to state, killing and plundering. They are the fancy thinkers to whom society said, in effect, when it released them last, "You have liquidated your debt to us on this crime, and now we're through with you until you commit another; go commit another."

There is but one way to remedy this disgraceful condition—life terms, and parole under police supervision. If some idealist tells me that juveniles shouldn't be treated so harshly, I reply that the round-faced juvenile of today is the killer and bandit of tomorrow.

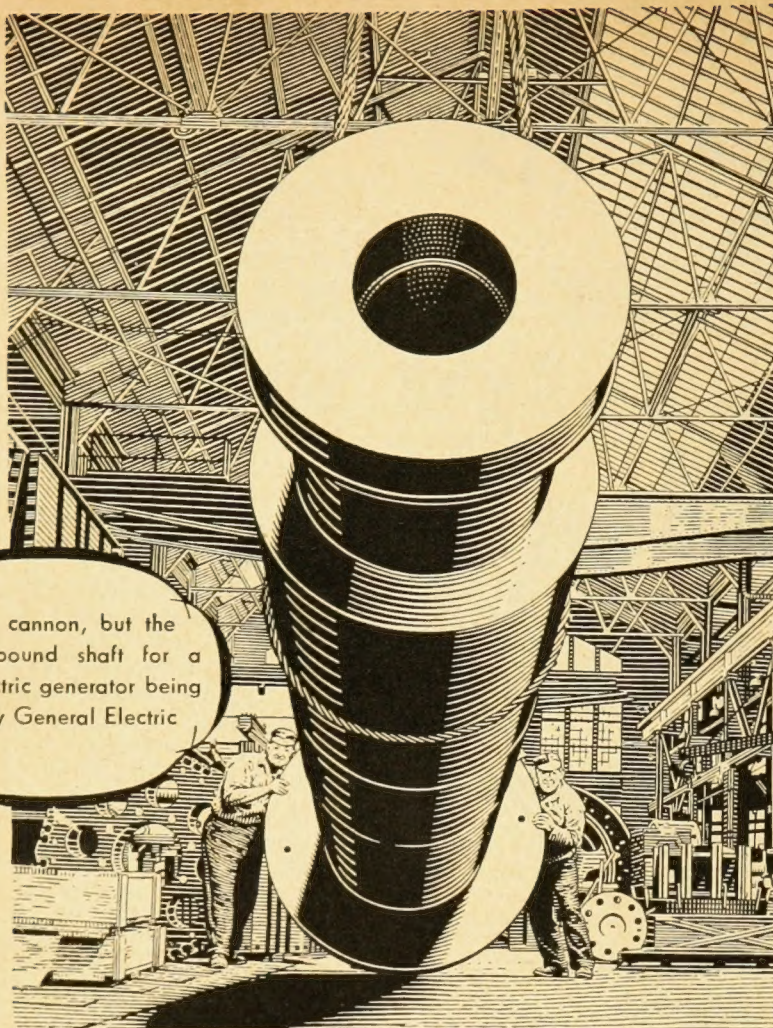
Now a word or two about the cruel civil-service blacklist. Neither Uncle Sam nor any state in the Union will permit an ex-convict to qualify for a civil-service job. You parole a man, and then refuse him employment. Why do you invest \$200,000,000 a year in a parole system and then try to defeat the purpose for which it was organized? I don't get this point of view at all. It looks like poor business to me.

Not so long ago Uncle Sam discovered, via fingerprints, that 357 ex-cons were on his pay roll. Some of these men had been on his pay roll for many years and presumably had established a reputation for square dealing; but that apparently didn't cut any ice with Sam, because he canned every one of them.

Society, I think, should practice what it preaches. Perhaps society still believes that it can hate its way out of crime?

THE END

by
JOHN KENNARD



Not a cannon, but the 130,000-pound shaft for a great electric generator being built by General Electric

America's First Line of Defense

AMERICA'S first line of defense is American industry. It is to industry that the nation looks today for the armaments to protect America's high living standards, to defend the American way of life.

In the last two generations American industry has built a great nation. Its workmen, scientists, and engineers have given us electric lights in 24 million American homes and electric refrigerators in 13 million—conveniences which represent the highest standard of living in the world. And the manpower, the inventive and manufacturing genius, the experience, the daring to tackle difficult tasks—assets which have helped to produce for us this high standard of living—are among America's strongest resources today.

Industry today undertakes the task of building, not only armaments, but, equally important, the machines to manufacture these armaments. And General Electric, which for more than 60 years has been putting electricity to work in America's peacetime pursuits, is today applying it to the new job—the job of defending the benefits electricity has helped to create.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

952-77N



EX-PRESIDENT OF N. B. A. SPARS WITH MIKE JACOBS



H. L. MILLER

WASHINGTON, D. C. —Mike Jacobs (June 29 Liberty) hurled the short and ugly word at us. Among other assertions directed at the National Boxing Association, he stated that the N. B. A. relieved Lou Ambers and Joey Archibald of their titles because they would not fight specific opponents selected by the N. B. A. That charge is incorrect and Mike knows it is incorrect. Ambers and Archibald specifically "chose to default their titles by declining to defend them within the required six months."

Uncle Mike made much of how Henry Armstrong, welterweight champion, has been defending his title in rings other than those controlled by Mr. Jacobs. Armstrong is the champion of a class the weight limit of which is 147. Barring his bout with Garcia, a starved-out middleweight, Armstrong hasn't fought a legitimate welterweight since he won the title. They've been fattened up lightweights while good 147-pounders were left out in the cold. The "challengers" Armstrong has been boxing in the cities Jacobs names were washed-up lightweights or tenth-rate caliber. They had no chance against Armstrong, which fact was well known to Jacobs, Armstrong, or anybody who knows a left hook from a can of sardines.

Mr. Jacobs points out that it is the money only that attracts fighters to him. Not long ago he staged Ken Overlin and Ceferino Garcia for the New York version of the world's middleweight title. Also he staged Gus Lesnevich and Billy Conn for the lightweight title. Neither bout drew as much as the Louisville bout for the N. B. A. lightweight title, *sans* Mike Jacobs, between Sammy Angott and Davy Day. Either Garcia or Overlin could have made more money boxing against Al Hostak in Seattle than they did for Jacobs in New York, and any boxing man will tell you so.

Louis and Godoy drew the smallest outdoor heavyweight gate in twenty years, only a few thousand dollars more than lightweights Angott and Day drew in Louisville—which ought to wake up even Uncle Mike to the fact that when you kill boxing in the bushes it will get awfully sick in New York. The champions Mr. Jacobs later signs up are produced "in the bushes." To us in the N. B. A. it is surprising that a

OP



smart showman and good matchmaker like Uncle Mike can't see that he is killing the goose that lays the golden eggs of fistiana.

It is easy to understand the difference of opinion between Jacobs and the N. B. A. Mike insists that boxing is a business; the N. B. A. wants it to continue as a sport. Mike is interested in what he frankly admits is a "build-up" like the show business for New York gates; the N. B. A. wants the champion to fight the leading contender, whether the latter built his reputation in New York or in the hinterland of pugilism. In short, Mike sees the picture for New York and the Mike Jacobs turnstiles. The N. B. A. sees it as a national picture and is bending every effort to give boxing back to the people that produced it. If Mike can, as he states, outbid any other promoter and thus attract fighters, why must he "tie them up" so no other promoter has a chance to bid? Mike doesn't produce and develop the fighters. They're pretty good before they ever come to New York.—Harvey L. Miller, President, N. B. A., 1939-40.

“I'd like to see Magda Fontanges (August 10-24 Liberty) go to work on Mahatma Gandhi's sex life,” suggests Clyde Burroughs of New York, N. Y.

HER NAILS NEVER GROW

CHICAGO, ILL.—In case you're interested, here are the three things I wish for most at present:

1. For 1,000 bucks.
2. That F. D. R. will be our President for another term.
3. That Liberty be published twice a week, so I could find out sooner what happens in the next installment of your "swelegant" serials.

A week between? Gee whiz, my nails never have a chance to grow!—Mrs. Gee.

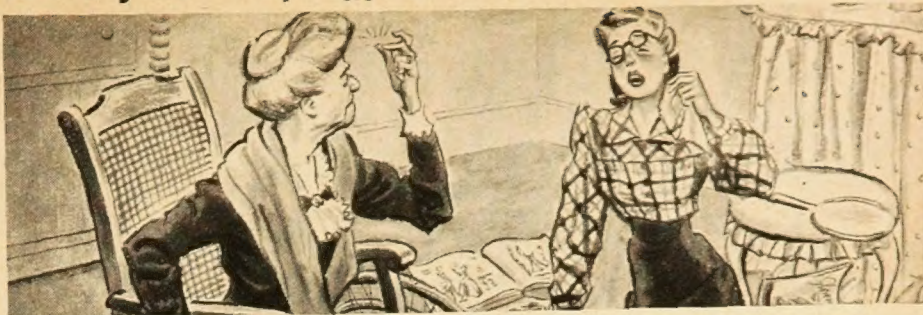


“Many plays fail,” says Annie Westover of New York, N. Y., “because the audiences that see them are amateur—not the actors or dramatist.”

(Continued on page 8)

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Williamson

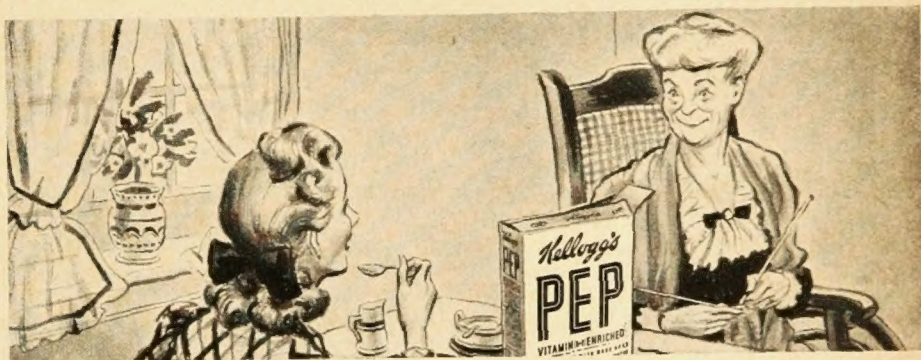


Gran'ma: Fiddlesticks to "glamor"! What you need is some pep appeal!



Cinderella: What the dickens is "pep appeal," Gran'ma?

Gran'ma: It's a feeling of well-being. It's "oomph" and zest and zip-zip! It's what you lack because you don't eat right. Don't get your vitamins. You come with me and we'll make a start right now.



Gran'ma: Now remember! We can't have pep without vitamins. And one of the best ways to get *two* of the important vitamins (B₁ and D) is right in KELLOGG'S PEP.

Cinderella: Never mind your old vitamins, Gran'ma. Your PEP *tastes delicious*! So crisp and flaky and full of flavor! I'm going to have it every breakfast!



Cinderella: (sometime later) I'll see tonight if your idea works.

Gran'ma: Where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of Vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of Vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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CAUTION!! BEWARE OF BLEEDING GUMS GINGIVITIS



ATTACKING THOUSANDS 4 OUT OF 5 MAY HAVE IT!

If your gums ever bleed and are sore, tender—read *every* word! Gingivitis, an inflammation where gums join the teeth, is so common today 4 out of 5—even young folks—may be victims.

If neglected—Gingivitis often leads to Pyorrhea, which only your dentist can help. Wise folks go quarterly for gum inspection. At home help guard against Gingivitis—

95% Cases Improve in 30 Days

Brush your teeth and massage your gums twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste. Clinical investigation shows 95% Gingivitis cases improved in 30 days by following this easy method.

Forhan's is the formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan for cleaning teeth to their "natural" lustre—for massaging gums to help them be firmer and more able to ward off infection. Also helps remove acid film that often starts tooth decay. Start using Forhan's TODAY. At drug and dept. stores. Weekend size at 10¢ stores.



FREE
50¢ GUM MASSAGER
Send empty carton from 50¢ size tube Forhan's Toothpaste to Forhan's, Dept. D-11, New Brunswick, N. J., and receive this wonderful 50¢ Gum Massager FREE.

LIKE A DUMB GROCER

PORTLAND, ME.—Your atrocity stories about the Nazis are copied from your Russian stories years ago. You are printing biased, false, and malevolent articles about the Nazis, so you must have been wrong about Russia.

Why has one to be Allied-minded to be a real American? Were the farmers



of Lexington and Concord wrong in '75?

As a common-sense nation we act like a dumb grocer who calls everybody names and is surprised when nobody comes and trades with him.—Albert L. Fletcher.

“Which feature, nose or chin, indicates strength of character?” asks M. G. M. of Louisville, Kentucky. “And if a man has a weak chin and a strong nose, what's the result? Or vice versa?”

HOT TAMALE CLEOPATRA

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—The ‘kiss and tell’ story of Magda Fontanges (August 10-24 Liberty) reveals the twentieth-century version of a Cleopatra. This modern “hot tamale” is either a spinner of yarns or the ultra in charms. Personally, I can't see the type.

Frankly, after looking at some of Mussolini's pictures, I don't think there's a good kiss in him. Magda Fontanges must be too easily satisfied.—Carl Britto.

REPAID FOR ALL

CANTON, ILL.—Fulton Oursler's Hitler at Grant's Tomb (August 17 Back Page) has repaid me for all that I have ever spent for Liberty.

Thanks! — W. T. Carley.

“We need whiskers again in the White House,” says Mrs. Janet Doremus of St. Paul, Minnesota. “Won't Willkie please raise 'em for Election Day, just as Abraham Lincoln did?”

CREDIT DUE DR. COPELAND

SUFFERN, N. Y.—After reading Ten Years of Warning, by Frederick L. Collins (July 20 Liberty), I find the name of my late husband, Senator Royal S. Copeland, who was chairman of the Safety in Air hearings, missing from Mr. Collins' list of distinguished American contributors.

Way back in 1936 Senator Copeland, as chairman of these air hearings, did pioneer work and spent his life's blood to better our American airways service.

On his desk there is a model plane inscribed with the words:

Hon. Royal S. Copeland
Safety First
Washington, D. C.

If Mr. Collins writes another survey of the kind, he may want to include these facts.—Frances S. Copeland.

“What does love flourish on—cruelty or kindness?” questions John Walker of Hoboken, New Jersey. “After forty years' observation and experience I'm stumped!”

LAUGHED AT 2,400 YEARS AGO

NEWPORT, R. I.—Perhaps I am sticking my neck out so far that I won't be able to pull it in when other Vox Popers crack down. However, here goes for a prophecy. Sometime in the far distant future women will end war! A small band of women will emerge with a stupendous idea which will grow nationally and internationally, perhaps as the Red Cross idea grew, until every nation on earth has millions of women imbued with the same idea, which is—a baby strike.

Just imagine hundreds of millions of



“Teacher's gonna clean out her desk and give me back all the stuff she took away from me last term.”

women refusing to bear children until men guarantee that they will live in peace and security to grow up and reproduce their kind as God intended. War will end when all women decree it.—(Mrs.) Marion A. Keefe.

[If Mrs. Keefe remembers Lysistrata, she will also realize that Aristophanes anticipated her idea.—Vox Pop Editor.]

FOR A' THAT

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—People make me sick with their criticism of Liberty covers. They're so unfair.

Look: Your July 27, 1940, cover of the old Scotsman was hissed by his countrymen (September 7 Vox Pop), and they forget the complimentary cover of a Scot on September 17, 1938, cover by J. F. Kernan.

Must the brave and humorous Scots be always flattered? Does their sense of the comic only extend to others—not to themselves?

Hoot, mon!—Mrs. Jane Owsley.



AND STALIN "RED" ?

ARTESIA, N. M.—By way of conqueror classification:

White	Yellow
Alexander	Genghis Khan
Caesar	Attila
Napoleon	Hitler

—A. Reno.

PUZZLED RACE-TRACK BETTOR

FORT PECK, MONT. — Sometime I should like to read an article on the mechanics of horse racing.

I should like to know how a horse is stabled at a track. How it is entered in a race. How it is checked for health. How the race is set up. What gives the horses their places at the barrier. Why are some horses given five minutes to get ready to start after reaching the barrier, and others started from the outside after two or three misbehaviors?

Just how are poundage handicaps figured? Does the jockey's weight have anything to do with it?

Do all horses at the barrier run the same distance, regardless of position? Who figures out the post odds, and how?

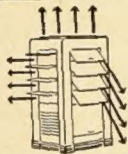
If the fourth horse to come in gets paid, why not the public?

These are questions that few people know the answers to. I bet on races and, with millions of others like me, know very little. An article on all the answers would be appreciated by all of us.—Fred S. Kahre.

"Look, Dad, Sport doesn't want to leave this nice, comfy heat!"



Only SUPERFEX gives you *Radiant* heat directed down to warm the floor—plus continuously circulating warm air!



This winter, enjoy complete comfort with oil heat as only SUPERFEX gives it. For only SUPERFEX

has these marvelous patented, heat-directing shutters! With shutters closed, warm air circulates through connecting rooms. With shutters opened or directed down—on any or all three sides—Radiant heat,

like sun rays, floods the room . . . warms the floor without draft or "blow." And—warm air continues to circulate!

Make your winter comfort complete—with a SUPERFEX in the size to suit your need. See them at a SUPERFEX Dealer's—and see their exclusive comfort features. Many sizes...easy purchase plan. For free, illustrated booklet, send the coupon.

SUPERFEX is Ideal For Home, Office and Shop

SUPERFEX Oil HEATERS
PRODUCTS OF PERFECTION STOVE CO.

The Mark of Quality



PERFECTION PORTABLE

HEATER • For quick, comforting heat in homes and business places. 10 to 12 hours of comfort from a gallon of kerosene.

PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY
7260-B Platt Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Please send me FREE booklet describing SUPERFEX Heat-Directors ☐ or PERFECTION Heaters ☐.

Name _____

St. or R. F. D. _____ Post Office _____

County _____ State _____

I'M a business man. In the world of business, and even in government circles, my name, Harry Danskin Clarke, means something, because ours is one of the largest machine-tool companies in this country or, for that matter, in the world.

I suppose I should be a very happy and contented person. My wife and I have lived our prosaic lives together for more than a quarter of a century. We have two children, both grown now. Harry, Junior, did quite well at M. I. T., and now he's in business with me as I was in business with my father. Margaret, our daughter, I think is the salt of the earth, but I can't understand why she is so restless. She seems discontented. She tried Smith, and then went to Bennington, and finally landed in Europe, where she learned how to dance or something. She thinks the best dancing is in Soviet Russia, which doesn't do me much good—particularly when she joins organizations and makes speeches. I'm afraid that one reason I want to get myself and my ideas put on paper is to get a blueprint of life. I'd like to make sure whether I'm right, or Margaret.

Still, I would say that there is nothing in my domestic situation to cause this real worry and even fear that has overtaken me. And, of course, we have no personal money troubles. When I die the newspapers will publish my gross and net estate; I might just as well say now that, without touching the Clarke Machine Tool Company in any way, my personal fortune will amount to between four and six million dollars, even after the depression. My grandfather was a blacksmith and my father started a small foundry with nothing but his two hands and lots of good Ohio guts which he inherited

any more. Every day I feel it more and more.

My blacksmith father created the Clarke Machine Tool Company. I built it. I built it until today we employ 4,000 men and women. Our company owns acres of factories in Akron, Ohio, and Bridgeport, Connecticut. Four thousand families live on the ingenuity and skill and thought and worry that we Clarks put into that business. And I can tell you or any one else that we've given decent value to our customers, we've paid fair wages, and we owe nothing to anybody except those who helped us make the grade. And even they are more indebted to the business than it is to them, for the business has made them—every one of them—rich men.

The Clarke Machine Tool Company has done a good job in this world; I say that without fear of contradiction. And yet . . . well, only the other night I was saying to Helen, my wife, as we lay abed talking in the darkness:

"My dear, I can't understand what it is that has possessed me. I feel that everybody is trying to take the business away from me. I can't give it up. I wouldn't know what to do with my life if I lost the business. Why, I was born into it! I have known it since my mother wheeled me in my carriage to the old shanty. It's my life story. Yet I feel so strongly that it is no longer mine. It's nobody's any more."

Helen is a wonderfully sympathetic wife—very understanding. I remember, just before the Great War, when I brought her to Akron from New York, my father was more than worried about her. She was what they called radical in those days, believed in woman suffrage and such. But she's been a wonderful companion during this quarter of a century that

success, I never took a single fundamental step without consulting her.

Of course Helen doesn't know anything about machine tools or rubber (which is a side line with us) and I don't suppose she understands economics from a practical standpoint. But she reads a lot and goes to lectures. She is sound. I confessed my fears to her.

"You must steel yourself against the future, Harry," she said. "Things aren't going to be as they were here or anywhere else in this world."

"You're telling me," I replied. "Why, the other day, all on one day, I had the census man, an income-tax

So I get excited and I shout,
"I'll fight on principle, no
matter how much it costs."



What am I living for?

from his Yankee ancestors. So why should I complain?

And yet I feel as frightened and insecure as a man who has been without a job for four years. I am afraid of the future, so afraid that sometimes I wonder why I continue to work. Why not chuck it all? Why not buy a place in Bermuda or somewhere like that and forget all about the Clarke Machine Tool Company? Why not?

Nobody seems to want me around

I was building Clarke Machine Tool. She was patient when I had to go on the road, selling. She was patient in the war years when we worked day and night, expanding and growing. She has taken a keen interest in the men and their families and in the town itself. And all the time she took care of the three of us, Junior, Margaret, and me. She understands human nature and she knows what's right, and I must admit that even after the business became a great

inspector going over the 1938 returns, an NLRB fellow telling me about how to run the shop, an army officer to find out how we're doing under some law or other, a questionnaire from the SEC which will take a lot of work to answer, and one from the TNEC which I'll be damned if I'll bother to answer. But it isn't only that. I can't do anything for the men any more. I can't even give them Christmas presents unless we both make deductions under the Social

Security Act. Why, I could expand! I could give work to about a thousand more people in Akron and four or five hundred in Bridgeport. But I don't know how to go about it any more.

"If you want to do anything, you have to hire an army of lawyers and accountants and a public relations counsel. And then you can't do it; it costs too much, or there's no profit in it. Or the government won't let you. Or the A. F. of L. is fighting the C. I. O. and you have to wait till the fight's finished. Or there's a law and a regulation which stops you—"

"Yes, I know," Helen said. "And now there's a war on in Europe, so we can't go there. So let's go to sleep and start all over tomorrow."

"Start," I said. "Yeah! I'll be there tomorrow as I've been there all my life. But what for?"

I don't want you to misunderstand me. I'm no quitter. I've fought my way up and I like a fight. It isn't that that has me worried. It's something bigger. It's because I don't know how to fight any more. I don't know the style, the moves, the passes.

met Newton Baker and Herbert Hoover in those days. They were different. It was all practical. You could make those people a proposition and, if it made common sense, they'd string along with you. That was a great experience for any man.

But nowadays one of these young fellows walks in, and you'd think you were a Russian spy running away with your own business. Suppose I say, "Look here. The law protects me in my rights in this matter." He says, "Well, maybe so. But we'll change the law. Besides, it'll cost you too much to fight this through the courts." So I get excited and I shout, "I'll fight on principle, no matter how much it costs!" He pulls up his pale face and looks me in the eye and he says, "Mr. Clarke, don't yell. When you threaten me, you threaten the United States government."

Now, I ask you! He's the government of the United States! And he is telling me how to run the Clarke Machine Tool Company which has met its pay roll and paid its bills, good times and bad, for more than half a century. That squirt from Harvard, who never saw anything but the insides of a professor-written book, he is the government of the United States and he's telling me how to maintain decent labor relations when we never had a strike in our plant from the 1880s to 1937 when the C. I. O. tried to organize us and failed. Isn't there something terribly wrong in all this when my experience and knowledge and love for the plant is kicked around and this little needle-eyed two-years-out-of-law-school tells me what to do?

And, by George, when he's talking I know well enough that, if he wants to, he can involve me in investigations and hearings that can cost me up to a hundred thousand dollars in lawyers, stenographers, witnesses, and time. He doesn't know what he's talking about, but he can wreck my business and he can throw four thousand families on relief. That's power. I haven't the courage to close this business, sell it or wreck it, and go to Bermuda to loaf. But that investigator would smash it without batting an eye. He has power.

Tool Company as an apprentice. My father took me into the shop and handed me over to an old German mechanic, Willie Schultz. I was about sixteen then. I had tired of high school and books and what seemed to me like a waste of time. I asked father to let me go to work. So he took me in to Willie Schultz to learn the business from the bottom up.

"Harry," Willie Schultz said to me, "if you want to make money out of machines, you have to love machines. You can't get anything out of life if you don't put love into it. Nowadays they don't hire machinists. They hire workers. That's no good, because they only think of how much they get an hour. They don't care about the machine. They don't make it live."

Well, I supposed that Willie Schultz was old-fashioned, but he taught me all I know about physics and chemistry and dynamics and all the things that have made our world what it is. He, more than my father, made me feel that a business is not just something to earn a living out of. A business is an institution. It's creation and production. It's life.

I suppose that is the secret of my present distress. I love that business. Two generations of Clarkes have put their lives into it and it has prospered. And now we're being pushed around. I can't quite figure out whether they're trying to kill the business or to take it away from us. And I can't figure who the "they" are. One year it looks like the government. The next, it's the union. Then the attack comes from our own people, the bankers and lawyers. Somebody is always picking away at my hold on the Clarke business.

It's going to be harder for Junior to hold it than it was for me, because the inheritance taxes may force us to sell a good part of it before I die. But I'm even doubtful if we'll be able to keep it while I'm alive. You can't hold on long to a business that nets, after taxes, at most three per cent. There isn't enough margin in that to set up any protection against bad times or bad judgment. There isn't enough to protect the jobs of the four thousand families who depend upon

BY AN ECONOMIC ROYALIST

AS TOLD TO GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

For instance, I sit down with one of those young lawyers who are always dropping in from Washington. He goes ideological on me. Marx and Pareto and what not. Why do I have to run things according to these foreign blueprints? I've had a lot to do with Washington in my time. I was a dollar-a-year man in the war, working in the War Industries Board along with Barney Baruch and Gerard Swope and those people, and I

And that's it. We business men don't understand that what we lived for before this depression was the great adventure of building and running a business our way. Each man, his own way. Of course there were some who were swine—sweaters and chiselers and such. But, by and large, we were a decent crowd, working with energy and pride, and not thinking as much of the returns as of the job.

I can't help thinking of the first time I came into the Clarke Machine

the Clarke Machine Tool Company for their living. There's no cushion.

But what can you do? What with taxes and investigations and controls and NLRBs and SECs and Wage and Hour boards, there isn't a chance in a million to make any money. I haven't increased my net worth since 1933, and I suppose I can't expect to for the rest of my life. So what am I working for?

Just to hold the old barn together, I suppose. Just to see the name

A bewildered American
tells his story . . . How
many are there like him?



Clarke on signs and products. Would you call it loyalty or pride? When I was younger, I called it fun. Yes, exhilarating, stimulating fun.

I recall a great argument my father and I had about paternalism. My father was of the old school. He believed that the laborer was worthy of his hire—and that was all. He would say, "Put it in the pay envelope, but don't do no favors. Men don't like favors. They want what they're entitled to and no more and no less."

Well, he and I had different notions about what men were entitled to. I felt that, beyond wages, the men were entitled to decent working conditions. And beyond that I felt that the business ought to be the center of their social as well as their business life. Father thought that was foolish and radical. But Helen backed me up and he disliked quarreling with Helen. She was the only college graduate in our household. Besides, I'm sure nobody wants to question the wisdom of a fairly new and very beautiful daughter-in-law.

SO father gave us the go-ahead sign. Well, I never had more fun in my life. The first thing we did was to start the Clarke Machine Tool Company Benevolent Association. Hiram Davies, a Welshman, was made president. Hiram was the stockroom foreman, and if ever a man knew how to make a penny look like a dime, he did. But he had a heart and he knew just how to look after the sick and needy and do it so that a man could take help without feeling like a skunk. The Benevolent Association had a loan arrangement which in time became so large and effective that the workers were able to build their own homes through it. There was real fun in all that. The men ran the Benevolent Association and I was just one member, and they talked up to me good and proper, because it was their show.

Then we fixed up a gymnasium. Father thought that was nonsense. His idea was that when a man was through working, he wanted to go home, kick off his shoes, pull out his pipe, and read a newspaper. But what father never could get into his head is what lots of people don't understand today—that the actual work is getting easier all the time. Every time a new machine comes into the plant, it saves labor. I don't mean that it throws people out of work. That's one of those idiotic notions that make my blood boil. Machines don't throw people out of work; they make the work easier.

Another thing father never realized was that the workday was growing shorter. When he was young, a man worked from sunrise to sunset. But when we started our gymnasium the working day was between forty-eight and fifty-four hours a week. Now it's down to forty hours. That leaves a lot of time, and, besides, the men aren't tired—healthy men aren't.

Well, I never had more fun in my life than I did when we got this gym

started, with all kinds of teams. And the next thing, we had a glee club, and pretty soon we had a band. Then father unbuttoned and he gave us a bowling alley. It wasn't very long before the gym and the Benevolent Association and the teams and all the other social activities were housed in one building. We gave the men a good building with lockers and shower baths. And the men ran that building their own way.

I WAS close to the men then. I knew most of them and they knew me.

The older men called me Harry, and to the younger ones I was H. D. There wasn't a man in the place who didn't come to me with his real troubles. And I stood by them. And I'd have bet my last dollar that any time I got into trouble, they'd stand by me.

We'd get into the hottest arguments. Father was a Republican. So I was born a Republican and I've been one all my life. Helen calls herself a liberal. I don't know exactly what she means, but by her conduct I would say that a liberal is a Republican or a Democrat who dislikes the party machine and means to do good.

Anyhow, Helen sometimes voted Republican and sometimes Democrat and sometimes for Norman Thomas. There was one vote for Norman Thomas in our ward in 1932 and I suspect it was hers.

Well, in the old days most of the men were Republicans out of respect for father, but there were some Democrats and a few Socialists. And sometimes an old German would call himself an Anarchist. But we never worried about that. This is a free country and a man can be what he wants to be and say what he wants to say, so long as he doesn't do anything about it except vote. And most of the men voted the right way in all elections, which was what the Clarke Machine Tool Company cared about most, because we needed a high tariff to keep out German and Swedish machine tools with which we could never compete because of their low wages.

So we would have fierce arguments. I would pitch in and try to get the men to see what a high tariff was doing for them and how they'd all be out of work if the Democrats captured the country. It's a funny thing about American workmen. You can pay them wages but you can't tell them how to vote. When it comes to citizenship, they'll stand up and have their say, whether you like it or not. And I can put it down for the record that neither my father nor I ever fired a man or gave him any trouble because he exercised his rights of citizenship according to his own views.

Nevertheless, I want to have my say, too. And I know that they want to listen to me, not because I'm their boss but because . . . Well, good Lord, we've been talking to each other about everything under the sun since we all played baseball out on the lot!

But just look what's been done to me. If I talk to the workers of the Clarke Company about most current

subjects, the labor leaders raise a yell that I'm intimidating the men; the NLRB is liable to file charges against my company which will cost me thousands of dollars. If I fire a man because he was drunk, they're liable to say I fired him on account of union activities or because he's a Democrat or belongs to the C. I. O. or something. Maybe the Civil Liberties Union will hop on me, or the International Workers Defense. Or the La Follette Committee will bring me down to Washington and keep me there for weeks asking me did-you-beat-your-wife-again questions. Maybe I'll have a strike.

Am I a citizen? Am I a person? Do I have civil rights? Am I deprived of my rights because I'm a business man and I have a bank account? Am I running the company or is it run by somebody in Washington or by a couple of labor leaders?

Frankly, I can't answer these questions. I go to all the meetings and conventions of the organizations I belong to—nineteen of them I counted the other day—and I listen to speeches by business men and government officials; but I don't get anywhere. They only confuse me. Some say that business is all washed up and that we have to have government control, and others say that government control will give us an American Hitler.

You see, I want to attend to my business. I've had ten years of this palaver now, and I'm tired. Dreadfully tired. But I can't quit without deserting the four thousand families that have made the Clarke Machine Tool Company what it is.

I USED to think that I was building this business to hand it down to

Junior to run, but from what I can see now, Washington won't let me do that. They'll break it before he's ready to take over, or the bankers will get it. So I can say now that I'm not living any longer to protect the business for my children or for the men who are working it. Well, what am I living for?

The other night I got into an argument with my daughter Margaret about all this. Margaret has traveled a lot in Russia and China and she reads a lot, but we don't talk the same kind of English. I know there are more than twenty years between us, but she's my flesh and blood just the same. She says she's my class enemy even though she's my daughter. Why should she be my class enemy? What harm have I ever done her? Why, every advantage in life that she's had has come to her out of the earnings of the Clarke Machine Tool Company!

Well, I'll tell you about this conversation with Margaret when I can get away from the Walsh-Healy Act hearings. Maybe I can do it between hearings, or while the commissioners recess to work up some new jigger to spoil my business.

(More revelations by this Economic Royalty in Liberty next week.)

By **BEN AMES WILLIAMS**

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 46 SECONDS

CHEWAWKEN is as quiet a little village as you will find within forty miles of New York. Even the two roads whose intersection focuses the life of the town are of so little importance as traffic arteries that they bear no route numbers; and the nearest railroad line is some miles away. Three or four hundred people live in the village, and the surround-

Puzzle Head



It was Joe who found what they sought. "Hey!" he cried excitedly. "Look!"

A vivid tale of a problem in sudden death, a brain-twister fan, and an unsuspected killer

ing region is one of wooded hills and tumbling little streams. There are a number of large estates north of the village. Most of the farms have been bought by the owners of these estates, the buildings torn down, the meadows allowed to go back to second growth.

Dave Mander, the town barber, is Chief of Police in Chewawken; and small boys like to watch through the window of the shop when he comes off duty, removes his coat, unbuckles his revolver and lays it on the table, puts on a white coat and proceeds to wield scissors or razor. Dave's office phone has an extension in the barbershop. The shop is much busier than the jail. Nevertheless, Dave takes his responsibilities seriously, and holds himself ready for any emergency.

At night Charlie Pray takes over, making an occasional patrol, spending most of the night in the office in the jail. Charlie is a large eager man upon whose forehead globules of perspiration are forever glistening. Nothing ever happens in Chewawken, but Charlie and Dave go on the theory that violence may break loose at any hour of the day or night; so Charlie does not sleep—much—while he is on duty. Some one of his friends may drop in and play cribbage or checkers with him during the early evening; but in the silent hours of

the night he is alone. He is apt to occupy himself with mathematical problems, puzzles, brain twisters, conundrums. Such things fascinate him but they bore Dave Mander.

When Charlie reported at the barbershop at dusk on this moonlit April evening, Dave, in default of customers, was honing a razor. Charlie had picked up somewhere a new problem, and without even saying a word of greeting he proceeded to propound it.

"Listen, chief," he said. "This is good! You take two brothers, and they've been raising cattle, and they decide to sell their herd and buy sheep. This is out West somewhere maybe." Chief Mander methodically honed his razor, as Charles went on. "So they sold out," he explained, "and they got so much a head; and the price per head was just the same as the total number of head in the herd. Get it?" He waited for no assent. "So with the money they got for the cattle they buy sheep at ten dollars per sheep, but they have some money left over, only it's not enough to buy another sheep, so they buy a goat with that."

Dave Mander said dryly, "With you around, I don't need another goat."

"So then these two brothers had a row," Charlie went on, "and they set out to divide the flock; but the sheep didn't come out even. There was one left over. So one of them took the sheep and the other one took the goat. The question is, how much did the one who took the goat have to get from the one who took the odd sheep to make it an even split?"

"I don't care," the chief assured him. "I can't be bothered with sheep, or goats either. I've got enough on my mind."

"What?" Charlie asked, eager to be helpful. "What have you got on your mind?"

"My hat!" Dave Mander told him, and then he said ominously: "Charlie, the next time you pop one of your conundrums at me, I'm likely to crack you over the head with the butt of my gun! Last time I listened to you, I got to figuring on the thing and it kept me awake all night."

"That's why I do them," Charlie declared. "To keep from going to sleep. And besides, Dave, figuring

these things out kind of keeps you in practice, in case ever anything does happen around here that needs figuring. And speaking of hats, did you hear the one about the man rowing up the river, and just as he went under a bridge his hat blew off? He decided to hell with it, and he kept on rowing for ten minutes, but then he decided to go back and get it. So he chased it—rowed downstream after it—and caught it a mile below the bridge. How fast was the river running?"

Dave grunted and he took a malevolent step toward Charlie; but then the door opened and Joe Newton came in. Joe had lived in Chewawken, sending local news notes—if any—to the New York papers, till one of the metropolitan journals gave him a trial as a reporter.

Chief Mander had not seen him for three years, and he said so.

"Home to see the folks?" he asked.

"No, this is business," Joe told him. "I'm going up to see Dane Wells. Came by this way to find out if anybody knew anything."

DANE WELLS owned an estate north of the village, and everybody knew a number of things about him. He was a man about fifty who looked older, and apparently by preference. He wore side whiskers, already gray. He was a bachelor and lived alone in his big hilltop house except for a considerable staff of servants. His automobile was as old-fashioned as his whiskers, a town car of ancient vintage, of which the top could be folded back in fine weather. He and Louis Jennison, as the firm of Wells-Jennison, were almost legendary figures in the financial world, with a particular finger in the railroad pie. Wells went to and from his New York office by train, and the station where he boarded the train and left it was named Wells Crossing. It was no station at all; not even a flag stop. Wells himself was the only passenger for whom a train ever stopped there.

But every one who read the newspapers knew this much about Dane Wells, so Dave Mander and Charlie Pray understood that these were not the things Joe Newton wanted to know. "Anything about what?" the chief asked.

"Why, he's going to get married!" Joe told them. "It was announced this afternoon. He's going to marry Beth Jennison."

He expected them to be astonished, and they were. "Her?" Chief Mander exclaimed. "The one that had her picture in the papers all the time last winter?"

"That's the one," Joe assured him, enjoying his reflected importance as the bringer of such news. "Glamour Girl Number Umpty-ump."

"Why, shucks!" Dave Mander protested. "She ain't over twenty, is she? And Wells is all of seventy, to look at him. You mean his partner's daughter? That the one?"

"That's the one," Joe repeated. "Know her, do you?"

"I've seen her," Dave assented. "She comes through here some. She's real friendly, too; talks to you the same as any one. She stopped to get a load of gas here a couple of weeks ago, over at Bill's garage. Had a young fellow with her by the name of Spear. She introduced him to Bill. Bill claimed they acted like they were planning to make a double hitch of it." He spat and wagged his head, flipping the razor expertly on the stone. "Why would she want to go and marry that old buzzard?" he demanded.

"That's what I'm here to find out," Joe admitted. "The announcement came from the Wells-Jennison office, just in time to catch the last edition. Every paper in town wanted to know all about it, so a bunch of the boys beat it down there, but Wells was gone, and so was Jennison. Jennison hadn't been in all day. I tried to get his house out here on the telephone, but they didn't answer. I called the Wells place and they said he always came home on the train that gets to the Crossing at eight o'clock, so I decided to come on out." He added positively: "There's something phony in it, it looks to me. Business, maybe. They say the firm is in trouble, for one thing."

"Bound to be something wrong," Dave Mander agreed. Charlie Pray had spoken never a word, listening to this conversation, his head turning from one to the other as each spoke. Now he looked at his watch.

"If he gets home at eight, he'll be there by the time you are," he told Joe.

"Is Wells Crossing handy to his house?" Joe asked.

Dave Mander answered him: "No, old Merry meets the train. He's the chauffeur; been driving for Wells for twenty-five years. He gets his hair cut here sometimes. He's told me aplenty. Wells is a nut, some ways. He wants Merry to be pulling up at the Crossing just as the train stops; doesn't want him to have to stop the motor and start it again; claims that wears it out. Merry used to drive down handy and wait, out of sight, till he heard the train whistle; but Wells found out about that and damn near fired him, so now he times it to get there just as the train pulls in."

"Wells must be a nut," Joe declared. "I wouldn't work for a guy like that."

"They're all satisfied," Mander assured him. "There's Merry and his wife—she's the housekeeper—and a couple of maids, and the cook, and a gardener named Quince that runs the greenhouses and things. One of the maids is his daughter. She's the only one of them younger than, say, forty-five. She was in town here one day with her father. She's a peach. But the others have all been with Wells twenty-odd years, and Merry told me they're in his will for plenty, and it's an easy place, with not much of anything to do." He added frankly,





"Shot, you say? Dead? All right. Don't touch anything. I'll be right over."

"They're setting pretty, if you ask me."

Joe chuckled. "They won't last long after he marries Beth Jennison," he predicted. "She'll fire the lot of 'em; put in her own crowd. She'll probably throw a lot of parties, have the house full of company . . ." The telephone rang, the extension from the jail, and Joe was silent as Mander picked up the instrument.

"Chief Mander speaking," he said. Then they saw his attention quicken, and they came nearer him as he asked a question and another. "Shot, you say? Dead? All right. Don't touch anything. I'll be right over."

He hung up the receiver and faced them with gleaming eyes, mopping at his brow. "That was Merry," he said, hoarse with excitement, "the chauffeur I was telling you about. Somebody shot Wells on the way home from the station tonight; killed him dead as a haddock. I'll get my car."

Joe said sharply, "Say, I'll go along with you!"

Charlie Pray interposed: "Chief, you better notify the state police, and the coroner and all, before you go."

Chief Mander hesitated; but Joe said quickly, "Don't do it, Dave. This is your territory! Here's a chance to do a job for yourself! After you get up there will be time enough to do any notifying." He added honestly, "That will give me first crack at the story, too. All I want is five minutes after we get there before you start notifying, and I'll spread you all over the front page."

DAVE was not unwilling to be the first on the scene, so he overruled Charlie and a moment later they were in the car. Dave drove, Charlie sat beside him, Joe in the rear seat. The chief said thoughtfully, "I guess Wells was looking for this to happen. He had Merry come over a year ago and get a permit to carry a pistol in the car."

Charlie reflected, "You know, if Wells got home in time to be dead by now, he didn't take that train that gets out there at eight."

Joe said, "Maybe he took an early train to dodge the reporters. They'd be waiting to nail him at the Grand Central. There is one an hour earlier. I looked it up. There's a flag stop marked, at Wells Crossing, at seven o'clock; but they told me the train wouldn't stop there unless Wells wanted to get off. Guess he owns most of the railroad."

"Joe," said Dave, "I bet his getting married had something to do with this. I bet that Spear shot him. Bill claimed you could see Spear was crazy about the Jennison girl, just seeing them together."

"Or maybe Jennison did it," Joe amended. "Maybe Wells was making the girl marry him, business or something. Maybe Jennison has been stealing money from the firm and Wells said he'd put Jennison in jail if she didn't."

Charlie protested, "You've been

reading too many detective stories, Joe!"

"Well, this is a detective job," Joe argued. "You've got to see all the angles."

Mander spoke in sudden recollection: "Say, Joe, Merry said Jennison and the girl came over one evening a week ago, and the three of them had it hot and heavy in the library for an hour, quarreling about something."

"What about?"

"Merry claimed he didn't know."

"If I was handling this case," Joe said, "I'd want to talk to Jennison."

Dave nodded wisely. Then he exclaimed, "Shucks, I come off in such a hurry I forgot to belt on my gun! You got yours, Charlie?"

"Sure," Charlie told him. "I'll handle anything that comes along."

THEY approached the Wells place by a winding road, turning at last up the graveled drive. The house sprawled across the hilltop, and the three men looked about them curiously. "Never been here before," Mander admitted. "Have you, Charlie?"

"No. I don't get up this way."

"They're waiting for you," Joe said in a low tone, pointing to where a side drive led toward the garage. The lights were burning in the garage, and in the open doors two men and three women were standing in a compact group. Dave stopped the car, facing them, and the three men alighted. The people waiting came forward out of the headlights' glare.

Dave said, "Hello, Merry." He and the chauffeur shook hands. "Bad business," Dave commented.

"Bad as can be," Merry agreed. He was a round little man with pink cheeks and graying hair under his cap, his uniform well cut and immaculate. He introduced the other man. "You know Tom Quince, I guess."

Quince had a smiling way. Charlie Pray thought this was no time for smiles. Of the three women, one was young, and her face was stony white. That, Charlie decided, must be the Quince girl. She was real pretty, too. One woman was snuffling with tears; the other still and grave. But Tom Quince seemed amused about something. "Good night for a murder," he said, chuckling. "Full moon and everything!" He shook hands all around.

The town car, its top folded back, stood just inside the garage. Merry explained, "I drove it in there, after I saw him, to get him out of the dew."

"When did you see he was dead?" Mander asked.

"When I pulled up to the front door and got out to open the door for him. He was just the way he is now."

Charlie Pray looked toward the car, but none of them as yet approached it. "Why didn't you see him in the rear-view mirror?" he inquired.

"That's on the spare tire, on the side," Merry explained. "You can see the road behind you in it, but you can't see the rear seat."

"Hear the shot, did you?"

Merry shook his head. "I didn't hear anything; didn't know anything was wrong till I got home." He added apologetically, "I'm a little hard of hearing." Charlie saw that he had, in fact, some sort of apparatus fastened on his head, a thin black wire, ear-pieces.

Dave was still reluctant to approach the town car. From where they stood its freight could not be seen. He asked, "Met him at the train, did you?"

"No," Merry told them. "I set out to; but I met him on the road. He took the earlier train, the one that gets to the Crossing at seven. He didn't have a chance to telephone me to meet him—there's no telephone at the Crossing—so he started to walk home, to meet me on the way."

"Where'd you pick him up?"

"Right this side the bridge."

"What time was that?"

"I didn't notice."

The older woman who was not crying spoke. "They got here twenty minutes ahead of time," she said. "I saw the car coming and told cook, and she was upset because dinner wasn't ready and she knew Mr. Wells would make a fuss."

Dave asked, "Who are you?"

The chauffeur answered, "She's Mrs. Merry. She's the housekeeper." He added, indicating the other two, "This is Betsy and this is Rose."

Dave Mander scratched his head, not sure what to do next. "Which one's the cook?" he asked them.

"She's in the kitchen," Mrs. Merry said.

"You all here except Merry, were you?" Dave asked.

"Yes, right here in the house." Mrs. Merry added, "All except Tom Quince. I don't know where he was."

Tom grinned and said he was in the greenhouses. Joe Newton was beginning to be impatient. "Let's have a look at Wells," he proposed. "Then I'll telephone the office, and then we'll go see Mr. Jennison."

SO they moved toward the car. Wells sat on the right-hand side of the rear seat, his head leaning back against the upholstery, his eyes staring upward. The bullet had entered his head, just behind the ear. Charlie Pray went around to the other side to look. "It came right through," he said softly. He added, "He looks younger than you'd think, even with his whiskers."

"He kept in shape," Merry agreed. "He had a gymnasium down cellar, and a golf course here on the place."

Tom Quince volunteered a word. "Any time he played golf, I had to carry his bag," he said, with that perpetual grin. "He'd walk you to death. He walked so fast a man nigh had to run!"

Joe Newton asked Mrs. Merry where there was a telephone and departed with her. Chief Mander was reminded that he, too, ought to do some notifying.

Charlie Pray and Merry walked back toward the chief's car.

"You say Wells took the train that gets in an hour early?" Charlie repeated. "And you got home here twenty minutes ahead of time?"

"Yes."

Charlie considered that. After a moment he asked, "What's this bridge where you met him, Merry?"

"Over the brook, a concrete bridge."

"Can we find it?"

"You can't miss it. It's the only bridge this side of the fork where you turn off to Jennison's."

"Is that the first fork?"

"Yes. You take the right-hand turn for Jennison's."

Dave and Joe came back from the house. Joe said eagerly, "Come on, Dave. Now we'll go see Jennison. I'll bet Spear is there."

"He was this morning," Merry agreed.

Chief Mander considered. "Charlie," he said, "maybe you'd better stay here, keep an eye on things."

But Charlie negated that suggestion. "Not me. Merry and Quince will look out for things here all right."

Dave, after a moment, nodded. "You'd better come along anyway," he decided. "Or else let me have your gun. We might run into trouble."

"You couldn't hit a barn with my gun," Charlie reminded him. His was an automatic; Dave's a lighter model, a revolver. He said, in sudden recollection, "But you can borrow Merry's. He won't need it here."

"That's so," Dave agreed. "Let me have it, Merry, will you?"

"You're welcome," Merry assured him.

He went to fetch the weapon from the car and Dave slipped it into his pocket.

Coasting down the gravel drive, Joe Newton said flatly, "I'm betting it was young Spear, or maybe Jennison. Remember that quarrel Jennison and Wells had, the one Merry told you about? There's been some ugly business going on around here, I'll bet a nickel."

"I'll want Jennison to tell me where he's been tonight," Dave agreed. "And Spear too."

THEY came to a concrete bridge over a brawling little stream, and Charlie said, "Here's where Merry met him. It was between here and the house that he was shot." He added, "I wish I knew right where it happened." Then he said in a sudden eagerness, "Say, this would make a good puzzle! If Wells got to the station an hour ahead of time, and walked part way home, and got home twenty minutes earlier than usual, how long did he walk? That's a pretty one!"

Dave ignored him, and Joe said, "Woods both sides and a narrow road all the way from here to the house. Whoever did it could have hid anywhere."

"Anybody know how far it is from here to the station?" Charlie asked,

but the others did not know. A mile or so beyond the bridge, they came to the fork in the road. A signboard stood in the angle. Charlie said, "Merry told me we turn to the right here to go to Jennison's."

Dave pulled up to look at the signboard and a car passed them, taking that right-hand fork. Joe looked after it and said quickly, "That's a press car—reporters. They're probably going to ask Jennison about this engagement. We'll run into a mob up there. Chief, don't tell them about Wells being dead, not till after we've talked to Jennison and the girl. Give me a break, will you?"

"I don't know as it's any use going up there with that crowd of reporters around," Dave reflected. "We couldn't get at Jennison without them hearing."

Another car came racing toward them, saw them, pulled to a sharp stop, and a state policeman in uniform alighted. "Hey!" he called. "Which way to the Wells place?"

Joe swore. "That tears it!" he said in disgust. "Now they're here, all the papers will have it!"

"This way," Dave Mander told the officer. He jerked his thumb over his shoulder, pointing. "I'm Chief Mander of Chewawken. It was me telephoned you."

"Right." The officer turned back to the car and it sped away toward the Wells place. Dave said:

"We might as well go along with them, Joe. We can't get to Jennison now." He added frankly, "I don't know as I could handle it, anyway. I'm just as well pleased they've come."

HE backed into the fork that led toward Jennison's, to turn and retrace their way. Charlie thought absently that this fork in the road was the only good chance to turn around since they had left the Wells place. As Dave backed to turn, his headlights illumined a sand bank twenty feet high beside the road, where a cut had been made; and as he shifted gears to go ahead, Charlie spoke suddenly.

"Hold on, Dave," he said. "I've got an idea. Stop the car."

Dave obeyed him. "What's eating you?" he demanded.

"Got a flashlight?"

"Sure, in the dash locker."

Charlie opened the locker and found the flashlight. He stepped out of the car and with the flashlight he examined the soft shoulders of the road on either side. Dave and Joe got out to watch him, to demand what he was doing.

"Wait a minute," Charlie insisted. "Let me figure this out." He turned the beam of his flashlight on the sign. An arrow pointed north, toward Wells Crossing, and gave the mileage. Charlie grunted with satisfaction. "That fits," he said. "If Wells was as fast a walker as Tom Quince says he was, that's about what I figured it had to be."

Dave said scornfully, "Come along. You're wasting time!"

"Hold on," Charlie repeated. He looked all around, as though expecting to see something; but there was nothing to see except the fork in the road, the signboard, the sand bank, the woods close on either hand. "It would take Wells just about that long to walk to here," he said. "He couldn't make it to the bridge, not unless he ran, and anyway this is the only chance to turn around. Maybe he was shot right here. If he was, we ought to find something."

He went toward the border of the woods. In the right-hand angle of the fork, a high woven wire fence barred his way. He shook his head, turned to the other side of the road.

There was no fence; just an old stone wall grown to vines and moss; but at one place the vines seemed to have been torn aside, thrown back into place again. Charlie began to lift them aside, to remove a stone at a time.

Dave Mander asked impatiently, "What you doing, Charlie? Digging out a woodchuck?"

"Looking for something," Charlie said breathlessly.

"Looking for what?"

"I don't know. It might be a handkerchief, or maybe a towel, or a ball of waste, or a newspaper, or something. But, whatever it is, it's got a bullet hole through it!"

At that word they joined him without quite knowing why. They heaved the rocks aside. It was Joe who found what they sought in the end.

"Hey!" he cried excitedly. "Look!"

He showed them a hand towel, neatly folded, fresh from the laundry; but through its folds a bullet had been fired. The cloth was burned and stained with powder marks. Joe started to unfold it; but Charlie caught his hand.

"Hold on!" he said sharply. "Keep it the way it is." He turned away, purposefully crossed the road to look more closely at that sand bank. Its surface was smooth and unbroken by weeds or grass or boulders. He backed away and drew his gun and fired a bullet into the sand. The sand spurted. He went to examine the scar; and then with the flashlight he examined the smooth face of the sand in each direction, up and down, till at last he found another scar like it. To reach the spot he had to climb a few feet, making footholds in the sand. Then, with his hands, like a terrier at a rathole he began to dig.

WHEN they came back to the Wells place, the state policeman stood guard over the car in which Mr. Wells' body still remained. Merry was talking with him. Charlie led the way toward them, and he said cheerfully:

"Hello, Merry. Evening, officer. Merry, any place here where I can wash my hands?"

"My bathroom upstairs," Merry said. "I'll show you."

"I can find it," Charlie assured him. Then, as Merry was about to show Charlie the way, Dave Mander spoke to the chauffeur.

"Oh, Merry," he said, "here's your gun."

The chauffeur took the weapon. He turned to put it in the car. Dave asked the state policeman, "Find out anything?"

"Not yet. They're inside, talking to the maids."

Charlie reappeared at the rear of the garage. He had a face towel, neatly folded, fresh from the laundry, in his hand. He said quickly, "It's the same kind, chief."

Merry was still standing by the



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Cleveland . . .	WHK 8:00 E.S.T.	San Diego . . .	KGB 7:30 P.S.T.
Detroit	WXYZ 8:00 E.S.T.	San Francisco .	KFRC 7:30 P.S.T.
	St. Louis . . .	KWK 7:00 C.S.T.	

car, ten feet away. Dave asked, "That so?" He said in a pleased tone, "Why, then, the towels match, and, as near as I can tell, the bullets match too. A microscope will make it sure."

The state policeman asked sharply, "What bullets? What have you got?"

"Why, we found the bullet that killed Wells," Dave explained. "Dug it out of a sand bank down at the fork in the road. And we got a bullet to match it. He was shot from close to, with a towel over the muzzle to hold back the powder specks. We found the towel hid in the wall."

"Where'd you get a bullet to match the one that killed him?"

Dave looked toward the chauffeur. "I shot it into the sand bank out of Merry's gun," he said simply.

There was again that moment's silence, and they all looked at Merry; and then suddenly Merry reached into the car and caught up his gun. He faced them, the weapon level, walking toward them. He said in a low tone: "Look out! Don't try anything! Put up your hands!"

They obeyed him without speaking. Merry was crouching a little, taut and ready and dangerous. "I'd finish you too, Mander," he said in a whisper, "but they'd hear it in the house." He said, "Go down those stairs to the

heater room, the lot of you. It'll take you a while to break down that door; give me time to get away."

The state policeman moved to obey, but Charlie Pray said, "I don't aim to march, Merry." He added, "And don't you blame Dave here. It was me figured it out." He reached for his hip pocket. He said, "You might as well drop that gun."

His own weapon appeared just as Merry pulled the trigger; but instead of an explosion there was only the click of the hammer falling. Merry stood helplessly, and Charlie Pray wagged his head.

"Don't be foolish, Merry," he said. "I unloaded that gun before Dave gave it back to you. It saves a lot of talking, this way. We could prove it on you anyway, but it's easier now. We got you to make the break."

THE thing, from Charlie's point of view, was absurdly simple. "I like figuring out puzzles," he explained. "And this was a good one. If a man comes home on a train an hour early, and walks till he meets the car that was coming to meet him, and he rides the rest of the way home, and he gets home twenty minutes ahead of his regular time, how long did he walk before he met the car?"

"I figured that out, and so I knew about how far Wells could come from the station—if he was a fast walker—before he met Merry. But the only way I could figure that out was to forget about Wells and think about Merry. So I went on thinking about Merry, wondering why he'd want to kill Wells. I don't know now, for sure, but Wells had them all in his will; and if Wells married Miss Jennison, they knew he'd probably change his will or something."

"Maybe Merry needed the money quick, or he might want to kill Wells just because he'd worked for him so long. You can get to hate a man if you see him too much."

"Anyway, if I'd figured right, Wells had to meet Merry right about at that fork; so I knew Merry had lied when he said he met Wells at the bridge, because that's a mile this side of the fork. Wells couldn't have walked that far in the time he had. Besides, there wasn't any place at the bridge to turn around. So if Merry lied, probably he killed Wells; and the question was, if he was figuring ahead of time to kill Wells—pretending to have a flat tire or something on the way home, and getting out of the car and shooting him—how would he figure to do it?"

"I thought he had to have a towel or something to stop powder stains, shooting him from so close. I did some figuring, and hit it right, that's all."

Joe Newton whistled admiringly, and Dave Mander grinned and clapped Charlie on the shoulder. "Charlie's always doing it," he told the other listeners proudly. "Puzzle Head, I call him. He's the durnedest man to figure you ever did see."

THE END

READING TIME • 2 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

SOME years ago—in the days when, thanks to the rule of the Romanov Czars, there was still a modicum of freedom in Russia—I took a Russian Volunteer Line steamship from Vladivostok, where I had done what was mistakenly called Military Intelligence work for the British.

Aboard, soon after leaving port, I met a very old gentleman. He was tall, emaciated, dressed Chinese style. Chinese, too, was his wrinkled ivory-white mask of a face. I thought him a northern Chinese, judging by his dialect when he tried to arrange for a deck chair with one of the stewards who, being a Cantonese, could not understand a word of what the old gentleman was saying. Nor did the latter know English or Russian. So, having a fair smattering of both northern and southern Chinese, I played interpreter and got him a deck chair.

I took one next to him, extended my cigarette case. I felt sorry for him. He seemed so lonely, so feeble, so old; over eighty, he told me afterward. We talked of this and that and the other thing; and after a while he mentioned that he was going home.

That astonished me. Our steamer was bound for Europe via Singapore and the Suez Canal. And his home was the opposite way, up north, in Manchuria. I said so—and he smiled.

"My home," he replied, "is in Italy."

Then I found out that he was a Roman—and a Jesuit missionary.

More than five decades earlier, he had gone to Manchuria, where, in the remote stony wilderness of the Changpai-shan Mountains, he had settled to preach the Word of the Lord. He had shed his European clothes and—"to make the people less suspicious," he explained—had adopted their garb. He had learned their language. Time had passed. He had never asked for a sabbatical year; had hardly ever met another European; and ultimately, quite alone there at the back of the beyond, he had forgotten most of his native Italian, although—naturally, being a priest—he still knew Latin.

He had become completely Mongol in everything—even, which is not strange at all if you know what surroundings can do, in his facial characteristics—except in his Christian faith, stark and simple and pure, burning like a clear flame. And now, lonely and old, he was going "home"—to die—to take, perhaps, one last look at the dome of St. Peter's, at the



ilexes in the Borghese Gardens throwing their purple twilight shadows upon the paths about the Piazza di Siena, at the tall pine trees showing their round dark heads on the crest of the hill by the Porta Pinciana.

I asked him, a little tactlessly:

"Did you convert many people?"

His answer was:

"One. A crippled peasant woman. But one soul saved—it is worth—oh—everything!"

And I thought that perhaps he was

a saint; one of those sweet and strong and beautiful symbols which, so very rarely, a great and good God shapes out of the shoddy stuff called life.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.

NATURE'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING PROTECTS THE PHEASANT



JIM: Good painting, but you don't often see pheasants out in the open like that.

TIM: And a good thing for the pheasant. Otherwise the hawks would soon clean up the whole species.



JIM: Here's where you usually find the birds—in good heavy cover like this.

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JIM: Right you are! It certainly *does* something for this mellow whiskey to increase a man's drinking enjoyment—*all-ways!*



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PATTERNING the dress of your dreams to fit your own size and shape—that's Abram Mayer's specialty, and he does it by mail. From every state in the Union, from South America and Europe, sometimes even from Asia and Africa, women send him photographs of themselves, notes as to their measurements, and pictures clipped from magazines or newspapers showing the dress of their heart's desire. Then he cuts individual patterns for the dresses, so they can be made by the ladies themselves, or by a local seamstress. I asked where his clients usually get their ideas for gowns. "Nowadays from the movies," he said. "Every big feature production brings dozens of orders for pattern copies of the star's best dress. My customers used to want patterns of dresses worn by prominent society women, but not any more. It's all Hollywood now."

Once a film fan, Mr. Mayer regrets he can no longer enjoy the screen. "I have to concentrate on the dresses," he mourned. "How can I follow the story?" . . . Here's another professional headache of his: Girls write him letters saying, "Friends tell me I look exactly like the girl in the sports dress on the enclosed Liberty cover" (or some other publication). "Please send me a pattern for a wedding dress that will look just the same."

A secret that Mr. Mayer keeps to himself is the real proportions of his clients' hips. "I see from their photos they have quoted wrong measurements," he says, "but I don't let on. I go ahead and make the pattern hippler, strictly without mentioning the change. A woman's hips and her age are her own business. Mine is mail-order patterns."

To countless ladies in out-of-the-way places all over the world Abram Mayer and his extraordinary business are pride's salvation.

☆ Some people believe our given names influence character. Along this line I've just heard a true Philadelphia story about a man's two wives, both of whom lived up to their names. . . . First he married a girl named Desire — a volcanic beauty who had everything her name denoted. After a few years of tempestuous loving she died young. There were three children. . . . Next the Quaker-town widower wedded a girl named Prudence, who increased his offspring to eleven, mothered both broods with placid impartiality, saved her husband's money, bored him stiff, and outlived him by more than a quarter of a century. . . . The lady who told me this story is one of the granddaughters. I asked which grandmother was hers, Desire or Prudence. She said, "Prudence —darn it all!"

☆ Three handy novelties

priced moderately enough to spare your conscience when you feel like giving yourself a little present. . . . (1) Elevated finger rest, leather-covered, to facilitate home manicure. . . . (2) Swiss barrel watch of unbreakable plastic, dangling from a link bracelet. . . . (3) The new *serape* handbag in gay Mexican stripes, ample to hold your war-work knitting.

☆ Admirers of modernistic art and furniture won't like this report of a talk I had the other day with an American bride whose Jewish family has been surrounded for generations by household possessions of the finest European workmanship and culture. To break away from the *old*, she decorated her newlywed apartment complete in ultra up-to-date style. "I saw my dining room with the table all laid for my first dinner party," she says, "then I ran into my bedroom and cried. In my new

home there wasn't a thing that belonged to *me*—not a thing to remind me of family sentiment and tradition. No traces of long loving care lavished on old wood and silver. All of a sudden it struck me as being so alien, so unhomely. Maybe it's modernistic, but I call it *orphanistic*. It makes me feel like an orphan."

☆ Have you had trouble with Columbus? I'm told my difficulty with him is quite common. Other American heroes were always real to me, but Christopher never quite seemed flesh-and-blood until I read C. S. Forester's new historical novel, *To the Indies*, which brings the Discoverer to life. (Published by Little, Brown & Co.)

☆ Toward the end of summer we may need something new to re-pep family appetites fagged out by hot-weather fare. Try this *Cheese and Rice Puff* served with cold meat and a fresh green salad: . . . Beat 3 eggs in 1½ cups milk; add 1 tablespoon bread crumbs, 1 cup grated American cheese, 1½ cups cooked rice, dash of paprika. Pour half of above mixture into buttered heatproof dish. Now spread on 1 cup diced apples; cover with rest of mixture; top with bread crumbs and grated cheese. Bake 35 minutes in slow oven. Serve very hot, straight from baking dish.

☆ Scientists now can tell how emotional we are by the way the palms of our hands perspire when we're asked embarrassing questions. Such tests have recently been developed for examining the nerve stability of British war flyers. The quicker the palms of your hands grow moist in a crisis, the more emotional you are. This fact, of new interest to laboratory research, has long been recognized by girls and boys holding hands for reasons of their own, without benefit of science.



"I'm sorry, but I'll have to ask the lady in the sealskin coat to please leave the theater."



READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Kathleen slapped her
once, just once, but
with all her strength.



ILLUSTRATOR
JAMES SCHUCKER

unexpected Uncle

Life and love and a gorgeous girl!
A blithe novel rolls excitingly on

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

A synopsis of preceding chapters appears on
page 22

PART THREE—KATHLEEN CONFRONTS A CRISIS

IT happened in slow motion, so that if Johnsy wasn't going to be hurt, it was really funny to watch; and he couldn't be hurt, going at that speed, but Kathleen was terrified. At the corner of the street there was an underpass to the other side of the ocean boulevard—a wide flight of

steps leading down for perhaps twenty feet. She saw the car, as though hauled by strong magnets, drive straight for the steps and then, with a grinding, tearing noise, still in slow motion, sink down them.

By the time it was over, Kathleen was already out of the house and

sprinting for the corner. When she reached the car, except that its fenders had been entirely removed and that there were shattered bits of glass lying around, it was intact. Johnsy was still sitting behind the wheel. She saw he was shaking. She thought he must be terribly hurt; but then she saw that there was a silly expression on his face and that his eyes were glazed.

"Hello," he said. "That's a trick Uncle Seton couldn't do blindfolded."

"Are you all right?"

"Certainly I'm all right!" he said.

BY ERIC HATCH

who wrote *My Man Godfrey*,
The Girl Next Door, etc.

"Why wouldn't I be all right? Come on, get in and I'll see if I can drive all the way through and out on the other side and down the beach and across the ocean to Nassau."

"Johnsy!"

Kathleen was still frightened.

"Could be we'd get too wet," said Johnsy. "O. K., we'll stay here."

He reached in his pocket and pulled out his cigarette case and Kathleen cried out. A small ragged hole in his left wrist was spurting blood.

He started to put his hand back, but Kathleen grabbed it and, talking as fast as she knew how, persuaded him he was hurt. He seemed only vaguely interested until Kathleen said, "But you're bleeding to death." Then he said, "How fast?" And then, to sober him, Kathleen caught him a flat-handed clout on the side of the head. It stunned him for a second and she took his handkerchief out of his breast pocket and shoved it in the hole. He shook his head, stuck his under lip out in a pout, and said, "Was that a nice thing to do?" But he was more tractable, and Kathleen got him to press on the handkerchief while she helped him out of the car and helped him, though he was perfectly able to walk, back to the house and up the stairs to her room.

Once there she made him lie down on the bed. For a second he really sobered up. His eyes focused and he said, "I think you'd better make a tourniquet. You know?"

"Oh, yes."

WITH a towel and a wooden shoe tree she made the tourniquet and effectively stopped the bleeding. Then she went to the bathroom and came back with peroxide and iodine and bandages from the medicine chest that Mrs. Carnes, the landlady, kept there, not out of humanitarian motives so much as because she was afraid of being sued if one of her tenants got blood poisoning. Then Kathleen swabbed the hole with peroxide, put iodine on it, which should have made him wince but didn't because ossification had set in again, and then she swathed it in a ridiculously large bandage. And then reaction overcame her. She suddenly sat down on the foot of the bed and burst into tears.

It was into this scene which looked, if you didn't happen to know the ins and outs of it, like an 1890 painting of betrayal—young girl weeping on bed in tawdry roominghouse, young man of the upper brackets staring at her out of glazed eyes—that Mrs. Carnes, the hound-voiced landlady, entered. She had come up the stairs on tippy-toe because she had heard the murmur of a man's voice in Kathleen's room and because she didn't want to miss anything. What she saw was almost too good to be true. Her face lighted with the cruel gleam of the crusader, her nose seemed to glow blue—it was a little blue anyway. She put a hand to her mouth and, holding the doorknob behind her, stared.

Johnsy was the first to notice her. He said, "Kathleen, we have company. Get out the Sheffield, spread the snowy cloth, care for and water her steed." Kathleen lifted her eyes and choked back a frightened cry of dismay. She knew doom when she saw it looking her right in the face.

"Mrs. Carnes, it's all right, truly it is! He's had an accident and I only brought him up to fix his wrist."

"We can put the steed in the cellar," said Johnsy. "The Willard Hotel in Washington was once con-

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHEN Johnson (Johnsy) Hamilton makes advances to Kathleen Brown, a salesgirl in the Palm Beach branch of Parkes-Fifth Avenue, Clayton, the manager, fires her. Seton Mansley, a distinguished-looking man of sixty, sees her crying and, telling Clayton that he is one of the firm's directors, has her reinstated. Kathleen is impressed, and even when Mansley confesses that the director story was a bluff and that he, although he looks important, has nothing to his name except a convertible and a trailer, she continues to admire and trust him.

Johnsy, returning to apologize, meets Mansley and assumes that he is Kathleen's uncle. He asks her to have dinner with him and tells her to bring Mansley. Kathleen, knowing that her new friend's imposing presence will be a protection against the possible snubs of Johnsy's sister and friends who may recognize her as a salesgirl, takes Mansley to the dinner at the Colony. He immediately makes a hit with most of the guests—notably with Mrs. Hargreave, mother of Tommy, whom Sarah, Johnsy's sister, hopes to marry, and with Carol West, the girl Sarah wants Johnsy to marry. Kathleen also makes an impression on everybody except Sarah, who resents the attention Johnsy and Tommy pay to her.

When the rest go to Bradley's to gamble, Kathleen and Johnsy stay on at the Colony and she tells him all about herself and her meeting with Mansley. Johnsy seems unhappy, and Kathleen finally admits to herself that she is falling in love with him. He has been drinking too much, so, when they leave, she drives the car to her roominghouse. As she watches him start back to his yacht, she realizes that he is in no condition to drive and calls out, "Johnsy! Stop!" He turns to wave to her—and then it happens!

considerably embarrassed by being confronted with the same problem. The steed, in that case, was mine."

"Young woman, you know . . ."

"I made them put it in the cellar," said Johnsy.

"Please, Mrs. Carnes. Please believe me!"

Kathleen was desperate. She wasn't paying any attention to Johnsy.

Then Mrs. Carnes unleashed all the meanness in her soul, all the prudery, the evil immoral thoughts such wom-

en store up. She flayed Kathleen where she stood until her cheeks grew scarlet and her lips trembled, and after telling her that if she didn't take her things and leave at once she'd report her to the vice squad, she made the mistake of actually calling Kathleen a word that has meant insult since there have been words.

Until then Mrs. Carnes had been doing fine and having a wonderful time. But Kathleen Brown was a good girl and she knew she was a good girl. Beyond this, the great dark eyes and the burnished copper hair had come, in the dim past, from Ireland. She jumped on Mrs. Carnes like a wild animal, grabbed her by the hair and shook her until her face paled and she yelled for help, and then Kathleen slapped her once, just once, but with all her strength, across the mouth.

"Now," she said, "you get out. Get out of here quick before I get proper mad at you. I'll get out too. I wouldn't stay in your nasty dirty house."

Mrs. Carnes walked around the wall, head lowered, frightened eyes on Kathleen, to the door. Once out of the room she began muttering about police, but Kathleen knew there would be no police and no other nonsense out of her now. Suddenly she remembered Johnsy and blushed again, even harder than before. That he should have seen this, heard what that awful woman had dared call her. She turned.

On the bed, a smile playing over his face, Johnsy Hamilton was sleeping. Kathleen breathed a quick prayer of thankfulness. Then, taking a huge old-fashioned battered and age-worn Gladstone bag from the closet, she crammed into it her lares and penates, her toothbrush and her clothes. When she was finished, she went to the bed.

"Oh, Johnsy," she said, and she was near to crying, "I've had such a wonderful day with you and I don't know what'll happen now, but I'll go and see your sister and tell her to come and take care of you. So if you wake up, don't think I just left you."

She bent over to return his kiss to the tip of her nose, but at the last minute brushed his lips lightly with hers. He stirred in his sleep and she reached out and gently patted his hair. Then, lugging the big bag with both hands, she went out to the street to try and find a taxicab to take her to the Python.

KATHLEEN'S call at the Python was both brief and unpleasant.

When she arrived it looked like a deserted ship. When Sarah Hamilton was eventually produced, Kathleen spoke her piece and spoke it quickly. She said, "Johnsy's hurt. He isn't much hurt, but he's sort of drunk too, and his car is an awful mess. He left me home in Poinciana Lane and drove downstairs, and that's when he got hurt, so I took him up to my room and he's there now, but I don't live there any more, so you've

got to go and get him. You'll go right away, won't you?"

Sarah Hamilton had been asked to call for her brother at many places. She had never, however, really taken up the work, but instead had sent a servant or, if none was around, had him delivered C. O. D. She listened calmly to this alarum, then she said, "I'll send the chauffeur for him." She slanted her eyes at Kathleen. "Don't you think this is rather a cheap way to repay us for entertaining you?"

"Cheap?" said Kathleen. "Repay?"

"Getting him drunk and then dragging him up to your room? We don't like that sort of thing, you know. I mean—well, we just don't."

"Oh, Miss Hamilton!" said Kathleen. "How can you talk like that? He was hurt and bleeding and I had to take care of him. Please come right away. I can show you where the house is."

"I told you I'd send the chauffeur. You don't need to worry. He's had lots of experience—at this sort of thing. Good night."

With that, she turned to the sailor who had stood in the background during this conversation and said, "When you've shown Miss Brown off the boat, tell Charles to get Mr. Hamilton at wherever it is Miss Brown says she lives."

She bowed, with icicles all over her, and swept down the corridor.

The sailor, as though to make up for his employer's bad manners, went out of his way to be gallant. He held Kathleen's arm as she walked across the gangplank, opened the cab door for her and helped her in, saluted and said, "Where shall I tell him, miss?"

It suddenly occurred to Kathleen that she didn't have any place to be driven to. She had hardly any money, it was very late, and she was still wearing the green evening dress. She couldn't go to a hotel. The railroad station would be locked. She sat huddled in a corner of the cab. And then she realized that she had a perfectly splendid place to go, where the welcome on the mat would be written in big red letters and where there was no question whatever of being misunderstood. She leaned forward.

"I want to go to the trailer camp," she said. "The one on the beach—toward Delray."

As the cab started, she leaned back and relaxed. She had an odd feeling—she couldn't understand it at all—but she felt as if she were going home, and as it had been years since she'd had any home at all. This seemed very odd to her. She lay back against the cushions again and thought about Seton Mansley's trailer and how warmly cozy it had seemed. And of the talk they'd had in the trailer before Johnsy's party.

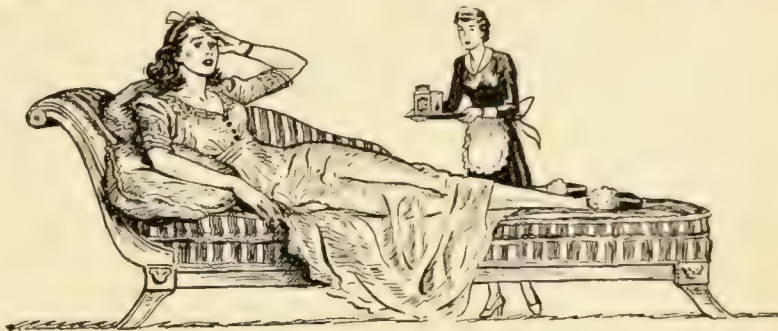
Mansley knew so much. Maybe that was because he'd been in the circus. He *couldn't* have known she'd be done for so quickly. Being thrown out of a roominghouse for moral rea-

I'd spent my all to be a bridesmaid ...

... and don't think I begrudged a penny, for the dresses and the hats that Mary chose for us were the loveliest I'd ever seen. And the ushers (especially one!) were answers to a maiden's prayer! But the day of the wedding, my dear -- I awoke with one of those logy, sickish headaches!



I didn't know of anything that would clear it up in time, but Anne, the maid, recommended Sal Hepatica. She said it gave fast, two-way help. And it did!*



Soon, my head coming out of that fog, my pep returning fast, I was off for the most exciting day of my life. Wedding reception (I caught the bouquet!), dancing (with The usher cutting in every minute) and ... but I haven't time for more now. Only this -- Sal Hepatica is a marvelous, quick-acting laxative! And it's grand good-times insurance!



*The reason Sal Hepatica helps so fast is -- First, it's speedy yet gentle in its laxative action. Second, Sal Hepatica helps counteract excess gastric acidity -- chases away that sickish feeling.

SAL HEPATICA

for a faster come-back

TUNE IN! EDDIE CANTOR in "Time to Smile"—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

sons was being done for. But she hadn't lost her job yet.

KATHLEEN had lost her job; she just hadn't heard about it yet.

Even at that moment Herbert Clayton, who frequently woke up during the night, was planning the things he was going to say to her when she showed up at Parkes' the next morning. He was planning even richer things to say to Mansley, if he could find him. He had had a perfectly lovely phone talk with one of the vice-presidents of Parkes' in New York. There was no director in the company named Mansley. He had had an even nicer talk with the chief of the Palm Beach police on the subject of impostors, profligates, and other technical things.

The taxi pulled to a stop in front of the ornate gate of the motel. Kathleen paid the driver and stumbled across the sand past the rows of quiet trailers, dark now, for the floodlights were turned off, to the far end of the camp. As she neared Mansley's trailer she caught her breath in surprise, for she saw him, still in his evening clothes, sitting on his doorstep. He heard her and came forward and took the bag.

"I've been waiting for you," he said. "My dear, I'm so glad you came here."

"You've been . . ."
"Yes," he said. "Had a splendid evening—played Colonel Bradley's own system against his own tables. It's a good system. Then I took that nice girl home—she liked you, Kathleen—and then I stopped at your house."

"I don't understand. Why?"
Seton Mansley laughed softly.
"Well," he said, "you see, I never had a niece before. I didn't know the exact procedure for looking after nieces. And I had a hunch. My heaven, I met a dreadful woman there!"

Kathleen bit her lip.
"Then you know," she said, "all about everything."

"Yes," said Mansley. He chuckled. "Even went so far as to get your room here ready for you."

He led the way into the trailer. Where there had been one room before there now were definitely two, with a wall and a door between them. An hour ago the wall and the door had been an unnoticeable section of the ceiling, hinged for this purpose. Kathleen was touched. He opened the door in the partition and Kathleen saw that her room had the bed turned down and that there was a silk bedspread on it and flowers on the desk and an assortment of powder boxes and cream jars and other feminine litter that could be picked up at an owl drugstore. Without any warning at all, she turned to Mansley and flung herself, weeping, on his chest.

He put one comforting arm around her shoulders and patted and smoothed the coppery hair. He hated himself for it—it showed he was turning soft—but he was hoping she would

lose her job and would want to stay there with him for a little while at least. He'd thought from time to time lately of getting a puppy, or a kitten, to stave off the loneliness that is age. Kathleen was much better than a kitten. And he really had done very well at Bradley's. He could take care of her for a while anyway with no effort at all. Presently, with a snort and a gulp, Kathleen stopped crying and looked at him.

"I'm sorry," she said. "It's just I'm so tired and you're so kind. Was —was Johnsy all right when you stopped at my room?"

Mansley was surprised.
"He wasn't there," he said.
Kathleen looked puzzled.

"Did any one—she—know where he'd gone? He hadn't gone home."

Mansley shook his head and Kathleen felt a stir of worry, a hunch, a psychic, unpleasant sensation. It was almost as though she knew that at the present moment no one, including Johnsy himself, had any idea where he was, and that it was going to be some little time before any one, also including Johnsy, would find out.

MORNING dawned over Palm Beach bright and warm. Herbert Clayton thought it was the nicest day he had ever seen, for in his office at Parkes-Fifth Avenue were two policemen and Sarah Hamilton. One of the policemen was his, the other was hers. He felt the gods had been almost too kind to him.

Through the window he saw Kathleen Brown swinging along the street toward the store. She was wearing a blue dress and carrying a bright red handbag and she was swinging the bag in time with her steps. He rubbed his hands together and smiled a thin Gestapo or hatchet-man smile. The policemen felt a little ill, especially Sarah Hamilton's policeman, who was finding it awfully hard to make himself believe this pretty copper-haired girl was a gang, as Sarah Hamilton had insisted, or that she had kidnaped Johnsy Hamilton. The policeman, after an hour of Sarah, had privately decided that Johnsy had just plain left and wasn't to be blamed. Herbert Clayton rose to his feet and pointed.

"Arrest that woman," he said.
"Sit down," said his policeman.
"This is America. We don't arrest people just because some guy thinks it'd be fun. We gotta find out why."

"You ought to know," said Sarah's policeman, "that in a tourist resort you don't arrest nobody if you can help it. We'll question her, sure. We'll question her. We'll question your old boy with the face too, if he shows up."

"You'll do what I tell you about that woman," said Sarah Hamilton. Like the policeman she had brought to the store, she thought Johnsy had just, as the saying goes, taken a powder, but this was too good a chance to push Kathleen Brown out of the Palm Beach picture to waste. The Hargreaves, for instance—accus-

ing Kathleen of kidnaping would finish her with the Hargreaves.

In that Sarah was wrong. At this moment Tommy Hargreaves, gaping at the miracle of the new day, would happily have given his ears to be kidnaped by Kathleen Brown. He had awakened dreaming of just such things. The policeman, on the other hand, was also wrong about saying he would question Kathleen, for as they watched her near the store, a worn and dusty roadster pulled alongside her. A bronzed hard-looking man, a stranger to them, who was driving, swung open the door nearest the curb and shouted something at her. They saw her give one terrified glance at the store, saw her face contort with horror at the sight of the uniforms, and then she was in the car, the door slammed shut and with the rude backfiring noises that are the privilege of very old cars and very old people the roadster roared around the corner and out of sight.

Clayton shot out of his chair like a Keystone Kop and ran to the door as though to give chase. Sarah Hamilton's lips pressed together so tight they ceased to look like lips at all. Her policeman sighed with relief. The cop Clayton had sent for to arrest Mansley laughed.

"There goes your fun for the day," he said. "No inquisition, no torture. Too bad."

"But, but . . ." said Clayton.
"Somebody warned her!" said Sarah Hamilton. "Aren't you going to go after her?"

Her policeman shook his head.
"No can do," he said. "Maybe later."

"What about that impostor Mansley?" said Clayton. "She'd lead you right to him."

HIS cop smiled.
"Say," he said, "you can't have any fun at all 'less you're makin' trouble for somebody, can you?" Clayton began to breathe loudly through his nose. "Who do you suppose tipped her off? He did. Well, he isn't going to sit around waitin' for us. He's been tipped off to get out of town. What more do you want? He won't bother you no more."

"This is an outrage!" said Sarah Hamilton to her policeman. "Do you mean to say you're just going to let that girl go?"

Her policeman smiled now.
"Lady," he said, "I was willin' to come here and question the kid unofficial like. You know that brother of yours has been tryin' to drink the county dry ever since he come here. Are you sure you want to take a chance on a false-arrest charge? Are you sure, for that matter, you want anybody to look for Johnsy—considerin' the sort of place he's apt to be found at? He won't thank you. You thought of that?"

"Yes!" hissed Sarah. "I don't care whether he thanks me or not."

"It's your funeral," said the cop.
(Continued on page 26)



"These days more people than ever before choose Wine"

report hosts and hostesses all over America

Men and women are finding they prefer to be moderate when they relax and enjoy themselves

Authorities on entertaining, famous career women, popular hostesses throughout America agree on it . . .

This from a young matron at Richmond, Virginia: "I've discovered more and more people like a chance to choose a moderate beverage like wine."

This from an Arizona mother, a leader in local welfare circles: "Every time I entertain it seems that more of my guests choose wine." This from a Chicago expert on homemaking: "It particularly compliments my guests when I serve wine at dinner."

Mind you, many folks believe wine has won its new popularity because it is a moderate drink. You discover you don't want to bolt down a glass of wine. You find yourself lingering over it like a connoisseur, sensing its satisfying bouquet and flavor.

Isn't it a good idea to follow the lead of so many successful hosts and hostesses? When you do, you'll find wine offers a simpler, more gracious way to be hospitable. You'll be surprised, too, how inexpensive wine is.

Among the many well-known people who report that increasing numbers of their guests prefer wine are:

Mr. Boake Carter
Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy
Mrs. Basil Rathbone
Mr. Grantland Rice
Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett
Margaret Bourke-White
Mrs. Ogden Nash



Mrs. W. S. Carr of Montpelier, Vermont likes to have friends in for dinner. "I usually serve a simple meal," says Mrs. Carr, "and then with my main course I bring to table a good wine—ruby Burgundy with steak or roast beef, or mild Chablis with chicken. I notice that most of our friends nowadays prefer to have the drink served with the meal."

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA:

In the most discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. Actually more than 9 in every 10 Americans who serve wine choose wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. They are true to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

THE A-B-C OF SERVING WINE

A. With meals, serve a "table" wine, red or white as you prefer. Table wines are made "dry" (not sweet) especially to complement main-course dishes. With your dinner, in portions about half the size of a water glass, try:
Burgundy, which is red, full flavored, grand with roast of beef, steak, or turkey

B. Or with refreshments or desserts, serve a "sweet" wine . . . rich with the natural sweetness of the grape. For instance, try setting out, in cocktail-size portions:

Port, which is red, full bodied, superbly rich—delicious with nuts or crackers and cheese

C. At the appetizer hour, bring on Sherry wine . . . mellow amber, nutlike in flavor, the perfect invitation to a good dinner. Sherry is usually served in cocktail-size portions

Be Considerate—Serve Wine

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco



(Continued from page 24)

"Come on down to the station house and we'll do some swearin' out." He turned to Clayton. "How about you and your impostor? You want to come and play too?"

Herbert Clayton thought. After all, he had run Mansley out of town. Honor was satisfied. He wasn't stupid about most things and he could see where Sarah Hamilton might easily be, so to speak, putting her foot in it. He thought for a second of telling her to walk softly, but one look at that mouth of hers made him realize telling her anything would be suicidal. He bowed.

"I have a business to run," he said. "Thank you, gentlemen, for your co-operation. Good morning."

Sarah and the officers swept out of the private office and out of the store. Herbert Clayton went back to his desk and started composing a report to his New York superior telling of the vanquishing and rout of his enemies and the glory that was Parkes. He was a little premature.

IN the roadster, hanging on for dear life, Kathleen was thanking the bronzed man for his rescue. He was the one from the trailer camp who had shown her the way to the horseshoe pitch the night before. He wore khaki pants and shirt. His hair was bleached by many suns and his eyes were blue and wrinkled around the edges. She looked at him with interest. He had become a friend and so she wanted to see what he really looked like. Last night he had just been background. When she finished thanking him, he said, "You make doin' a simple little thing for you almost as much pleasure as your uncle makes losin' money to him. Family gift?"

"It isn't a little thing," said Kathleen. "It's a big thing. It's"—she paused, hunting the right words—"it's like saving my life."

"By golly!" said the man. "You're just exactly like your uncle!" He took his eyes from the road, glanced down at her. "You don't look like him, though—thank heaven."

"He's very handsome," said Kathleen. She felt loyalty demanded it. The man, who she decided was young, twenty-five-ish, grinned. She said, "I said he's very handsome."

"I didn't say anything." He laughed. "You've got no call to look at me like I'd said he was queer-lookin' or looked like he might burst or something."

Kathleen laughed with him now. She was filled with such relief at her escape that laughter came easily.

"He does look a little as if he might burst. If he did, it would be something, wouldn't it?"

"It sure would. By the way, my name's Quenton. Horace Quenton. Folks call me San."

"And you raise quail," said Kathleen.

Quenton laughed again. Then he looked at her sharply. This was a

strictly Western wisecrack. His look grew hopeful.

"You from the West?"

Kathleen shook her head.

"East."

"Too bad."

"You are?"

He nodded. His eyes flickered from the road again, sparkled.

"I'm an Okie," he said. "If you call me that, I'll bust you one. I come from down near the border. Texas border. You mightn't think it to look at this wagon, but we got hardly any dust down there at all. This is Florida dust."

Kathleen liked him.

"What do you do?" she asked.

"Right now," said Quenton, "I've got a job transportin' a pretty dark-eyed gal from Palm Beach to the motel down the line. It's nice work, if you can get it."

There was a moment's silence. Then Kathleen said, "Do you know about what the police and Sarah Hamilton were waiting for me for?"

He nodded and gave her full details as he had them from Mansley. When he finished, he said, "Sounds like hooley to me. Still, be bad to let you get mixed up in anything like that. You don't belong with those kind of people."

Kathleen knew he meant this as a compliment. She didn't feel it was one. She had, after all, been passed on and approved by Carol West and the Hargreaves—Johnsy didn't count, that way. He was different. Kathleen didn't answer. Presently Quenton said, "You sort of like Johnsy Hamilton, huh?"

She nodded. He saw her mouth go sad at the corners.

"Worried about him?"

Again she nodded.

"Of course I am. He—he was hurt in the accident. I wanted to take care of him. It's awful. He wasn't kidnaped, of course. That'd be just silly, but do you think he's really disappeared?"

"Hell, no! Neither does Mansley," said Quenton. "Well, here we are at the old corral." He turned off the beach boulevard through the gates of the trailer camp. "May as well ride on out. Keep the sand out of your shoes."

"You're nice," said Kathleen. "You think of other people."

"Only some other people," said Quenton.

HE drove on to the remoter section of the camp, and Kathleen saw that Mansley had the awnings off the trailer and the doors closed and had it hitched to the convertible. He was dusting the side panels as they came to a stop.

"Thanks," said Kathleen to Quenton. "You know how much."

She jumped out of the roadster and ran over to Mansley.

"Is everything awful?" she asked. "I guess I've lost my job like—like you were afraid I would." She bit her lip. She was home now and reaction was setting in. On the drive

from Palm Beach the excitement of escape had given an unrealness to the thing that had happened. "Thank you for keeping me out of the trouble at the store. I feel awful about things, Uncle Seton."

Mansley looked at her and felt guilty, because he had hoped this would happen—not the Johnsy part of it, but Kathleen's finding herself dependent on him. Seton Mansley didn't like feeling guilty. It was an emotion he disapproved of, except in others. But he had to face the fact that he did feel guilty, so he quickly made a whole group of resolutions about being a good uncle and mending his errant ways, none of which he had the slightest intention of keeping. Then, feeling purged, he patted Kathleen's shoulder.

"Do you know," he said, "that all this is making me very happy? You asked me yesterday if it was fun not knowing who I was. I told you I thought it was. I didn't tell you it was also very lonely sometimes. You have made me find out who I am."

Kathleen rolled her eyes. She expected a wild revelation.

"Oh, Uncle Seton!" she said. "Who are you?"

"Your uncle," said Seton Mansley. He beamed at her. "For the first time in my life I have a family—to be proud of, to provide for. It isn't much fun any more just providing for myself. My little wants are too easily satisfied."

KATHLEEN looked at his wonderful expensive complexion and grinned through incipient tears. "That's an awful lie," she said. "But you *have* made me feel much better and I love you very much, Uncle Seton. I'm going to damn your socks for you."

"Eh?" said Mansley.

"That's when you darn them the best you know how. I hope you've got some that need it. I'll start right now. And give you breakfast in bed."

"My dear," said Mansley, "right now I think we'd better get out of here."

Horace Quenton, who had stood politely out of earshot during this conversation, moved forward as they climbed into the convertible. He had, after all, nothing to do and thought he might as well do it in Kathleen Brown's company. Of course it meant contributing regularly to her uncle at the horseshoe pitch, but he had a fair stake and it might be worth it. He was just about to ask where they were going when a diversion was created. An enormous gray sixteen-cylinder phaeton with the top down came bumping toward them. Driving it, looking cool and coifed and extremely chic, was Carol West; behind it was an open one-horse trailer and in this was a horse.

What has happened to Johnsy? Will the police, spurred on by Sarah, catch up with Kathleen and Seton? Next week's chapter brings surprises—and a hitch in the course of love!



Here's the "One" for '41



IT'S A PLEASURE to remind you that this stunning new 1941 Plymouth—so beautiful, so long, wide, low-swung—is a low-priced car!

Inside, you'll find a glamorous new *Fashion-Tone Interior*—a miracle in color, fabric, appointments. And you'll discover a new delight in Plymouth's new 4-way Step-Up in Performance...giving you new mastery of hills and traffic!

And, for 1941, Plymouth announces *Powermatic Shifting*...a new Oil Bath Air Cleaner that adds to engine life and economy...new Engine Bearings which are 2 to 3 times longer-lived...new Ignition

See the Brilliant New
Plymouth—Magnificent
new Artistry of Design—
New Powermatic Shifting
—New 4-Way Step-Up
in Performance—New
Fashion-Tone Interior—
19 Great Advancements!

Protection to assure fast, easy starts!

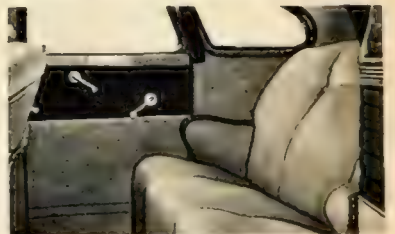
See and drive this Big Beauty today at your nearby Plymouth dealer. Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

OTHER NEW FEATURES

- NEW COUNTERBALANCED TRUNK LID—goes up or down easily at a touch.
- NEW SAFETY RIMS ON WHEELS—prevent "throwing" of the tire in case of blowout or puncture at high speeds.
- NEW SEALING throughout body against dust, water, heat and noise.
- CHOICE OF 11 SMART NEW COLORS at no extra cost. New 2-tone color combinations available on the Special De Luxe sedans.



Try Powermatic Shifting—vast reductions in driving effort—with actual elimination of certain of the shifting motions of normal driving.



Fashion-Tone Interior—a miracle of color, fabric, appointments. Imagine—sumptuous 2-tone upholstery in the Special De Luxe Plymouth.



4-Way Step-Up in Performance—giving you increased horsepower and torque, new transmission and new axle ratios. Drive this traffic master.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane

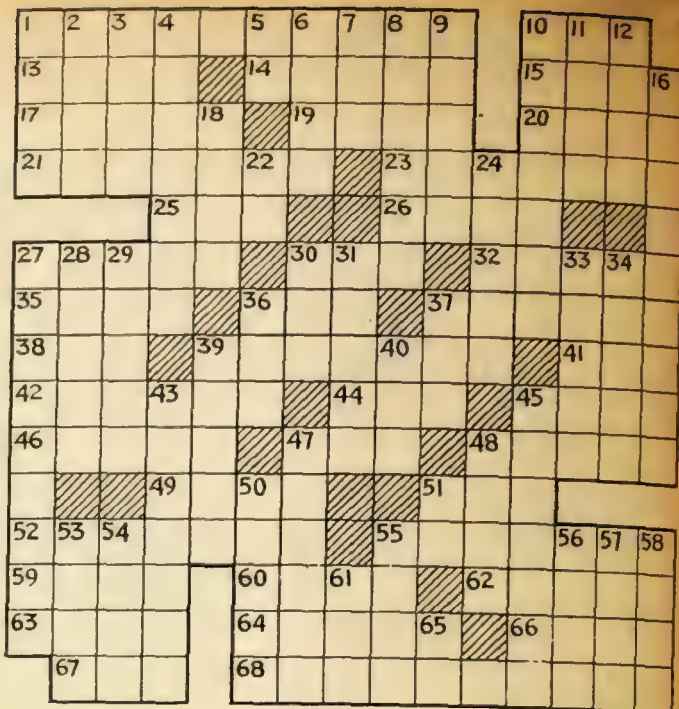
HORIZONTAL

- 1 The number of things a day that'll keep dictatorial gents away (two words)
- 10 He doesn't believe in fifth columnists
- 13 You can always get a bang out of it
- 14 This is attached to the waists of young ladies and keeps hanging on.
- 15 An open-and-shut proposition
- 17 What tired motorists like to get plenty of
- 19 Non pro
- 20 Charge of the choo-choo
- 21 Used in making slop suey
- 23 Most moving month
- 25 Dust collector
- 26 Park your smelly mountain goats on the nearest one
- 27 Grab a jane and crawl
- 30 Great believer in dictation
- 32 This made a clean-up in old England
- 35 Minor country in Asia (var.)
- 36 It's very much the mode
- 37 It's formed an old attachment for dear old Chermamy
- 38 Current expression (abbr.)
- 39 (Definition to be supplied after Election Day)
- 41 To get Irish women knots
- 42 Saw, the morning after
- 44 Vigor's companion
- 45 The Old Green River
- 46 This Ford's been in the family for over forty years
- 47 Something fishy about this
- 48 Madness brought on by gazing at the Great Silver Dollar and saying foolish things
- 49 This is too too
- 51 Where bridge players go at night
- 52 Iron man
- 55 Horey Britisher
- 59 Just a low Shakespearean rat
- 60 Ex-heller (fem.)
- 62 After Johnny grabbed the extra piece of pie, this is what he did

- 63 You can make light of this
- 64 What you must say to a bully
- 66 British tacks collector
- 67 Sweet Syrup of Sassafras! (abbr.)
- 68 Many famous men have spent the night here (pl.)

VERTICAL

- 1 Dictatorial foot-balls
- 2 Round at both ends and high in the middle
- 3 Kind of suave flyer which rises and seizes the unwary ground crawler (Brooklynese)
- 4 \$1 in Brooklyn
- 5 Little Elsie
- 6 Man's name
- 7 Billy's lady friend (abbr.)
- 8 What a poet does at a red light
- 9 This makes conversational sauce
- 10 They could take the life out of any one
- 11 Britain's Problem Child of the Streets
- 12 This is ivory-tipped
- 16 You'll find this always on edge
- 18 Worn and antique
- 22 Much used article
- 24 Place Congress puts things in order to forget



SAFE HOME ASSLAN
AWED ARIL MOTILE
RATED ELAN PERIS
ARENAS STIR RANT
HE TRET EBNITNES
WATERS STALE
OMITS ATE APTO
RIPE ACONITE BOW
ACE ELEVATE PARE
LANDIPETALMATED
PERIL ELDERS
SCREENED YOREMI
CHAPLEWY GENDER
RITES DREW STOLE
EVENED MAIN ANON
WE SAI ALTO LENE

Last week's answer

- 27 Married man's fraternity symbol (two words)
- 28 Henceforth girls will go this way around army men
- 29 Used in necking
- 30 Amount Hitler will settle for
- 31 Big shots for big shots
- 33 Aristocratic gingham
- 34 Florida city
- 36 What babies cry for
- 37 What German air-men do to please
- 39 Deep Englishman
- 40 Goatee
- 43 A married man has a lot of these after a night out
- 45 Skinny things, hard to take without dressing
- 47 This goes round the sun after eclipses
- 48 This gal is almost like a flower
- 50 Bug juice
- 51 A bit of a stinger
- 53 You can take this girl lightly (pl.)
- 54 The I's have it (pl.)
- 55 A smartener-upper of the younger generation
- 56 It's the limit
- 57 What to say when the roll is called up yonder
- 58 They make the sweetest coolies
- 61 Undernourished Cockeyed Tacklers (abbr.)
- 65 I hesitate before I say this

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



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SHE is the only girl in the world as mad as I am," said George Bernard Shaw of Ida Lupino, when she was fourteen years old. Then he added, with the usual Shavian modesty, "She is a mad genius."

Those of us who have seen *They Drive by Night*, in which the Lupino girl goes crazy—and how!—right before our eyes, know that G. B. S. was right about the mad thing; and if giving a superlative delineation of a sultry sex-starved Delilah in modern clothes is an index of genius, he was right about the genius thing too.

They Drive by Night, as every movie fan knows by now, is the surprise picture of the year, and Ida Lupino's performance, after six Hollywood years of foolish, pretty-girl roles, is, to Hollywood, the surprise performance of the year.

To Ida, to the Lupinos, to any one who knows the Lupinos, there wasn't the slightest occasion for surprise that she should at last take her proper place among the cinema great.

"Everybody," wrote a knowledgeable metropolitan critic, "seemed surprised that Ida Lupino, the puck-cheeked fun girl, should be able to do this sort of Ophelia stuff. There should have been no surprise. Ida Lupino is one of the few theater thoroughbreds out there."

"Theater thoroughbred" is right. For the Lupinos have three hundred and fifty years of the theater in their blood. At an age when most kids are struggling to divide all Gaul into three parts, Ida had already made a name for herself under the Kliegs of Elstree, in England. And not by trading on the Lupino name, either—which may be taken as the tip-off on Ida.

To prove to her father, Stanley Lupino, best known and highest paid actor on the London stage, that she was ready, at fourteen, to stand on her own artistic feet, she forswore the prestige of twelve generations of Lupinos, rechristened herself Ida Ray, and without her father's knowledge applied for a small part in a film about to go into production.

She didn't get the role. The director took one look at her test—and gave her the lead.

A child's part? No, an oomph part, or a vamp part, as they called them then. And she was terrific. Three more pictures followed in quick succession—all with fourteen-year-old Ida in the leading role, all in the same sultry tradition: *Her First Affair*, *Money for Speed*, *I Lived with You*.

"She has more sex appeal than any actress I ever worked with in pictures," said one of her leading men. "She is just a child at heart but, for some strange reason, on the screen she portrays worldly emotions with the ease of a sophisticated woman."

Before her sixteenth birthday she was being hailed as "the British Harlow," "the baby Mae West." Whereupon, Hollywood being what it is, the big boys in the West Coast



BABY BLONDE FROM BLIGHTY

THE SUCCESS STORY OF IDA LUPINO

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

studios promptly decided to star her as—of all things!—Alice in *Alice in Wonderland*!

The news reached Shaftsbury Avenue and Piccadilly Circus, and thoroughly bewildered Papa Stanley Lupino, Mama Connie Lupino, Uncle Barry Lupino, cousins Mark, Wallace, and Cissie Lupino, cousin-once-removed Lupino Lane, and dozens of other assorted and allied Lupinos, not to mention Mama Lupino's two sisters and five brothers—all of whom, Lupinos and allied Lupinos, are on the London stage.

As for Ida, she laughed herself almost into a mad scene. "I wondered," she said, "why they didn't try Vic McLaglen in the part!"

But troupers aren't choosers. If

Alice-blue gowns were what they were wearing in Hollywood that season, Alice-blue gowns she would give them. So she bleached her natural reddish brown hair within an inch of its life, and hers, penciled her eyebrows in the approved Hollywood style, brushed up on her wise-cracking, pocketed a five-year contract calling for \$600 a week and transportation for her mother and herself, and started the 6,000-mile trek to cinema's Wonderland.

Of course Ida didn't play Alice. That's not the Hollywood way of life. After all the expense and ballyhoo and transatlantic hippity-hop, a pretty little schoolgirl named Charlotte Henry, whom nobody had ever heard of before and who has scarcely been heard of since, played the part, and gave it all it needed.

Being a sensible human being in spite of her babyish exterior, the little Lupino girl didn't give the loss of the Alice part a tear.

"I could never, no matter how hard I tried, feel Alice," she explained, "because I have never really been Alice's age."

Which was nothing but the truth. At seven, on the stage of the private theater in the Lupinos' house, she had begun acting, under her father's meticulous direction, not kid parts but famous rôles from the theatrical classics. At eight she had learned the long role of Camille and gave a creditable performance of it with a grown-up cast. At ten she had memorized the lines and learned the business of every feminine character in Shakespeare's plays.

Perhaps it was just as well that Ida didn't play Alice. She would have been sunk—at least, the real she would have—in a succession of Alice rôles, and Hollywood, being long on Will Hayeses at the moment, and short on plays about infant Sapphos and Thaisés, offered precious little opportunity for the girl who was destined to rouse the motion-picture audience of America as Bessie, the street-walker in *The Light that Failed*, and to stun them as the lustful Lena Carlsson in *They Drive by Night*.

For months she drew her salary—and did nothing. Time came, however, when the thought occurred to some one that the picture company ought to be getting something for the \$600 a week being paid her. So she was given an infinitesimal part in the submerged third of Peter Ibbetson.

Later, she was allowed to attain almost complete visibility in *One Rainy Afternoon*, and did so much with her opportunity that Francis Lederer, star of the picture and one of Hollywood's most literate persons, said of her, "She is like an artist, with every emotional color on her palette within easy reach of her fingertips."

So the studio put her in the Broadway musical, *Anything Goes*!

This sort of thing went on for the remaining dreary years of her contract. "I'd rather play the meanest

character part than the most entrancing ingenue," she told her studio. "Best of all, I like roles in which I can look awful, be awful. I don't care a fig about being pretty-pretty on the screen." But they didn't believe her.

They didn't believe she knew what she was talking about. Which simply means that they didn't bother to listen to what she was saying; for Ida Lupino is one of the most convincing and intelligent talkers in the cinema colony.

"The most amazing thing about this seventeen-year-old child actress," wrote an unprejudiced observer during the days of her Hollywood submergence, "is her astonishing mind. When you hear her discussing studio executives' problems or modern trends of thought as compared with ancient philosophies, you are intrigued and not a little amazed that inside so exquisite and tiny a person such profound thoughts can generate."

BUT Hollywood has no yardstick for measuring astonishing minds.

The girl was young, blonde, luscious. Her eyes were the color of violets, her complexion as fruity as the peach. Her mouth budded, her lashes swept—she conformed to every Hollywood standard, inspired every Hollywood cliché. So, without looking beyond these physical attributes, which are a dime a dozen in cinemaland, the big boys at the studio proceeded to fit her into the Clara Bow-Toby Wing-Betty Grable formula. And since there were dozens of girls in Hollywood who could do flapper parts as well as or better than she did, Ida Lupino was getting nowhere fast. Her five-year contract was not renewed. It was common talk that little Lupino was all washed up.

To be fair to Hollywood, some of the blame for this five-year fiasco rests on Ida's own comely shoulders.

We have seen how she blondined and mascaraed herself before leaving her native England in the naïve belief that of such was the making of Hollywood success. When she reached the Coast and observed hundreds of nondescript cuties doing the same thing, she should have reverted to her own very good type. If she had, studio casting directors might sooner have glimpsed the real girl behind the make-up.

As it was, and as one of her best friends phrased it, "confusion assailed her." She didn't need to make herself look like a hotcha baby, but she did.

She acted like a hotcha girl, too. She moved into a large and elaborate house on the squared-off top of a high Hollywood hill, christened it "Screwloose College," put up along the public highway signs (which the authorities suggested that she take down) telling wayfarers how to get to it. There she played hostess to Hollywood's gayest gay girls and most playful playboys, gave big parties around her big swimming pool,

tolerated, if she did not encourage, dunkings in full evening dress as an entrance formality to her little group of serious wasters.

In brief, she went Hollywood.

"I wasn't a very nice person," she says frankly, "when I tried not to be myself by bleaching my hair, penciling my eyebrows, saying foolish things and doing them. I was silly outside and silly inside."

And how did the change come about in the little Lupino? Two ways. She lost her health and she lost her heart.

The latter loss came first, but only by a photographic finish. There was in Hollywood a comparatively unknown but very nice boy named Louis Hayward, who had had some experience on the London stage and had attracted screen scouts' attention when he appeared in New York with Lunt and Fontanne in Noel Coward's *Point Valaine*. When he and Ida met, the reaction on both sides was positive but unfavorable. Louis, taking a look at bleached pouty Ida, put her down as "just another dizzy blonde," and Ida, sensing his disapproval, called him a "smug little snob."

And so they were married.

But not until after much tribulation and three years' delay.

Hayward, as it turned out, wasn't a snob at all. Like Ida, he was an aristocrat in the best sense of the word, but not of the theater. He came from a long line of bankers and stockbrokers. In Ida's world he was a Johnny-come-lately, and he knew it. To him the name of Lupino was something to worship, and when he found the loveliest bearer of that name throwing herself away on a lot of Hollywood idlers, he spoke his mind so all could hear him.

Also, he was quite frank about what he thought of the way she looked. He was disgusted, and he told her so. It hurt her, but for the first time since she reached Hollywood, she really washed her face, although, as she now admits, she thought she was washing off everything she had to sell. But now she is glad, for since she made herself what she calls "an ugly girl," all the beautiful things of life have come to her—love, success, peace of mind.

"I had murdered my real self," she says quite simply, "and had made a false image in my name. Louis made me change because he made me want to change."

LOUIS' doubts about the real Ida vanished with the vanishing of her disguise and the vanishing of the artificial life in which she had sought to drown her disappointments at the studio. Now Ida lived only for Louis, and Louis only for Ida.

Still, there was the matter of pay envelopes. Louis worked infrequently and for moderate salary checks—nothing like Ida's \$600 a week. And he declined to be "Mr. Lupino."

Then, as so often happens in Hollywood, Hayward's chance came. Jack Doyle, Sonja Henie's handsome

skating partner, who was about to be given a movie build-up beginning with the lead part in *Duke of West Point*, died, and Hayward was rushed before the cameras in Doyle's role. Thereafter his career was set: a long-term contract, lead in *The Man in the Iron Mask*, the boy's part in *My Son, My Son*.

Now there was no reason why Louis and Ida should not be married. But the strain of the social life the girl had lived in the years before she met Louis chose this moment to catch up with her. Ida succumbed to the inevitable nervous breakdown.

Finally, as we know, she came back, married Louis and went to live quietly and sanely, first in a rented house in Beverly Hills, then in a home of their own up in Mandeville Canyon near Santa Monica.

Ida was properly happy in the new set-up. While recovering her strength she had sought an outlet in her music. She composed not one song but several—some of them good enough for Bing Crosby to sing, others good enough for André Kostelanetz to play. And the interlude did her a lot of good. Still, the Lupinos were actors, not musicians. The drama still beckoned. So when she heard that Ronald Colman was to do *The Light that Failed*, and that William Wellman was to direct it, she took herself to Wellman's office.

"Bill," she said, "I am the girl for Bessie. I can be just that kind of little hay bag."

And Bill, who is one of the wisest of Hollywood directors, as well as one of the best, looked at her and said, "Baby, I think you can."

And she could, and did.

SO successful, however, had Hollywood been in making Ida Lupino unsuccessful, that when she did finally get her chance to break through as a real actress, she came not as the forgotten woman but as a new one, and her most appreciative critics felt the necessity of explaining that fact: "Most moviegoers know Ida Lupino as a sprightly, somewhat bug-eyed girl, apt to pop up in fairly good movies as a third-string ingénue. She is no third-string ingénue in *They Drive by Night*."

No, she isn't. And as the result of her performance in the trial scene of that picture, she will probably never be asked to go back to baby talk again. When Mark Hellinger, associate producer of *Drive*, saw the rushes of this scene, he said, "Zowie!" When Jack Warner saw them he said, "Sign her up!"

And, zowie! they did sign her up. Her first picture under the new long-term starring contract is *East of the River*, with John Garfield. Raoul Walsh, who directed *Drive*, is directing *River*. It ought to be good and tough. Mr. Walsh's pictures usually are. John Garfield, too, is no lily. And Ida? Well, at least she has proved that she is no Alice in Hollywood's Wonderland!

THE END

DOES

Hollywood

MAKE

BAD PICTURES ON PURPOSE?

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 34 SECONDS

THERE are two kinds of motion pictures—good ones and the kind I make. In the motion-picture industry, the good ones are called A's. I needn't tell you that the second features are B's. Some films that come out of Hollywood cannot be classified at all, there being no letter after Z. The second feature must be the one that makes you a homebody, or why would the management offer so many inducements to get you "into his parlor"? Passing through Fort Wayne, Indiana, recently, I saw the following advertised in front of a local theater: "Tonight, one set of dishes, a new Buick, the latest model Frigidaire, ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO." There's many an actor who went to dramatic school, spent years in stock, played on the road, struggled through many pictures in Hollywood to finally become a star, and then lives to see the day when a set of dishes is billed over him! I met one relative coming out of a theater a few short months ago, and he told me he had won and lost a set of dishes that night.

"Lost 'em?" says I. "How?"

"I tossed them at that second feature—piece by piece," he replied.

I laughed and said: "The picture must have been pretty putrid."

"You ought to know," he answered. "You were in it!"

(That's the only relative I have on Ida's side who can get fresh with me. He pays his own rent.)

In most of the picture palaces that run two features, one is a "talkie" and the other could be called a "smelly." There is a manager friend of mine in New York City who has made a fortune out of just running bad pictures. His whole program consists of nothing but second features. How does he "clean up"? Most of his audience spend their time in the smoking room, which he rents out to a concessionaire. The wise concessionaire sells candy, cold drinks, cigarettes, and *aspirin*. A couple of extra bad pictures, and his sale of aspirin runs into real money.

You are liable to say: "Do the producers actually make bad pictures on purpose?"

Knowing the facts, I answer with a very loud "No!" All of the pictures, A's or B's, that are previewed on the West Coast are "sensational, riotous, colossal, and the last word in

BY EDDIE CANTOR

entertainment." It's only when they get East pictures are actually bad.

A Hollywood wit, the late Al Boasberg, once said, "The movie producers should sue the railroad. They make a great picture, ship it on the Santa Fe, and when it arrives in New York it stinks—something has happened to it en route. It must be the fault of the railroad."

Of course, in the summer even the good pictures are bad. They don't have to be good. People go into the theaters to get away from the heat.

A theater owner in the Bronx who couldn't afford an air-cooled house advertised a double feature of Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi as follows: **THESE PICTURES GUARANTEED TO MAKE YOUR BLOOD RUN COLD.**

You will agree with me that going to double features is like eating squab. You have to go through so much to get so little.

Let's take an average theatergoer.

It's dinnertime, and he decides to go to the movies. He calls the local theater. "What's playing?" he asks.

They tell him *My Son, My Son*, and the second feature *The Mystery of the Overripe Cantaloupe*.

"What time does *My Son, My Son* go on?" he inquires.

"Six forty-five," the voice says.

It's exactly six thirty. If he leaves at once he misses his favorite dessert, which his wife made especially for him. He doesn't want to give up the dessert, so he makes further inquiry.

"What time does *My Son, My Son* go on again?" he asks. He finds out it's ten forty-five. He catches that performance. He gets home at one o'clock, but he doesn't fall asleep before two. Inasmuch as he has to make a six-twenty train in order to get to work at eight, it means that he gets less than four hours' sleep. Feeling groggy from lack of sleep and the hangover of *My Son, My Son*, a travelogue, two shorts, the newsreel, and a trailer of coming attractions, the poor guy makes a mistake



An eminent filmster spills some beans concerning double features

**CALOX
MOVIE
QUIZ
NO. 12**

**Charming as her
CALOX SMILE...**

**WHO IS
SHE?**

Star of
"NO. NO. NANETTE"
A new RKO Production

**Cherry wins that
"HOLLYWOOD SPARKLE"!**



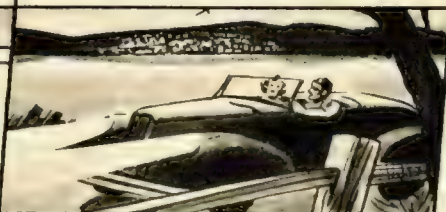
1. Jim: "Say, Roger, look at that tricky new step! Cherry sure is the life of the party!"

Roger: "So what! None of the fellows ever take her home, do they?"



2. Cherry: "I heard what Roger said and it's true... but what can I do."

Sue: "Plenty! Get after that dingy smile. Calox Tooth Powder has 5 wonderful cleansing agents to help you."



3. Cherry: "How about driving over to the pavilion for a dance, Roger, my gay Romeo?"

Rogers: "With a million-dollar smile like yours, how can I refuse? It's a date!"

CLUES

by Douglas Churchill
Famous Hollywood Critic

1. WhowasEngland's No.1 moviestar before Hollywood lured her to America?
2. Who captured America's heart in "Nurse Edith Cavell"?
3. Who, like so many other stars, uses Calox for that "Hollywood Sparkle"?

(Check your answer below. Star's name is at bottom of page*)



**TRY THIS
FINGER-NAIL TEST
—PROVE CALOX
POLISHES
SAFELY**

A DAZZLING SMILE flashes on the movie screen, and you say, "How lovely... what's her secret?" Many Hollywood stars will tell you, "Calox."

Calox Tooth Powder contains 5 CLEANSING AGENTS—yet, it polishes safely! To prove this, simply pour Calox on a buffer

and rub your finger nails hard. Look at their high polish... proof that Calox CLEANS without harming tooth enamel. Calox helps you get that "Hollywood Sparkle"!

CALOX TOOTH POWDER

Try Calox Antiseptic—Refreshes the mouth, sweetens the breath

*Anna Neagle



Helps your "Teeth shine like the stars" by bringing out natural lustre

in his account. The boss fires him. He becomes a member of the vast army of unemployed. He cannot keep up the payments on his house. The mortgage is foreclosed. He and his wife go to live with her parents. His children are placed in an institution. He walks the streets looking for a job. His heart is loaded with trouble. Where does he find relief? He goes to the movies. What does he find there? Students! My Son, My Son. Two days later he is in a strait jacket, giving the examining alienist double talk from double features.

Oh, for those silent days when they only showed one feature and a guy could get himself a lovely snooze in the theater! How I love the days when the main attraction at the movie theater was the blonde cashier who sold you the ticket. She was so beautiful you only counted your change once. But those days are gone, and, for that matter, double features may be reeling their last.

IN Chicago some of the theaters are going in for triple features. Yes, brothers and sisters, triple features! Count 'em! One, two, three!! Imagine packing your bags, canceling your order for milk, putting slip covers on the furniture, saying good-by to the neighbors, and going to the theater with your wife to see a triple feature! You figure you've got a big bargain, but don't kid yourself. By the time the show is over your wife discovers that her hat is out of style. You've got to get her a new one, and as you climb into your automobile you discover that it's so plastered with parking tickets the entire Democratic and Republican Parties couldn't fix 'em for you.

In the lobby of a Chicago theater showing a triple feature I overheard an old man talking to his mate.

"Matilda," said he, "we're off of relief, our children have neglected us, but we're going to spend our last dollar seeing this show. At least we'll have a roof over our heads for the rest of our lives."

Statistics show that more than twenty-one million people go to movies once a week. All of these theatergoers suffer from double-feature-itis.

There is only one person in the entire United States who escapes this ailment. The President of the United States. At the White House he is shown only one feature, and it's an A picture. When Senator Vandenberg wanted to be President, when Dewey did his campaigning before the Republican Convention, when Taft battled for the nomination, when Jim Farley was seeking the same office, when Wendell Willkie finally got the O. K. in Philadelphia, remember, it wasn't the patriotism of these gentlemen that was making them seek the White House address. No, a million times no! They knew, once they became President, they could get away from that lousy second feature.

THE END



Mary Martin, who wins new laurels as a young singer in *Rhythm on the River*.

The musical *Mr. Crosby* wins the girl again. It's Mary Martin now

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 14 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ 1/2 RHYTHM ON THE RIVER

THE PLAYERS: Bing Crosby, Mary Martin, Basil Rathbone, Oscar Levant, Oscar Shaw, Charlie Grapewin, Lillian Cornell, William Frawley, John Scott Trotter, Phyllis Kennedy, Jean Cagney, Wingy Mannone, Brandon Hurst, George Walcott, Charles Lane, Pierre Watkin. Screen play by Dwight Taylor, based on a story by Billy Wilder and Jacques Thery. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 92 minutes.

THIS musical yarn of Tin Pan Alley's ghost writers is Bing Crosby's best in several years. Bing plays an unknown creator of tunes who lazily grinds out melodies for a famous composer of song hits. Then he meets a little choir singer from Tulsa who writes lyrics for the same hit salesman—and the two fall in love. They try to toss over their successful patron but, without his name, can't make a go of it. When they discover that they can't sell the sort of songs he can dispose of with ease, they have to come back to their sponsor, but—somehow or other the exact reason has escaped me—he is forced to give the two young people their share of public credit.

Bing does the tunesmith from up the Hudson, whose one ambition is to own a cat-boat, with pleasant nonchalance, and Mary Martin climbs several rungs up the

Hollywood ladder with her charming playing of the little lyric writer who blossoms into a Broadway hit singer. Basil Rathbone makes the celebrated high-pressure composer a suave hollow shell shopping cannily for his musical brains. But the real hit of *Rhythm on the River* is Oscar Levant, who comes from the radio to do Rathbone's dead-pan, sardonic piano player, as spontaneous with his bitter quips as with his graceful piano playing.

VITAL STATISTICS: Oscar Levant, at thirty-two, owes his fame to radio. You have spotted his amazing musical knowledge and his caustic wit over *Information, Please*. Oscar hails from Pittsburgh; in 1928 he was playing a piano in the speakeasy scene of a Broadway stage hit, *Burlesque*. Burned up because he's achieved a name in everything but his own racket. He's a concert pianist. Even his new wife hasn't upset Oscar's odd schedule. Retires regularly at 5 A. M. after a round of the night spots that starts at Lindy's and ends at the Stork Club. Only stimulant he indulges in is conversation. Drinks something like thirty-two cups of coffee per day, is a chain cigarette smoker. . . . Bing is a crack golfer. No trouble at all to shoot in the seventies, frequently in the sixties. . . . Rug cutters take notice—Wingy Mannone, hottest trumpeter on New York's swing lane, is in the film with his band. Wingy lost his right arm some years ago; learned all over with his left. There are eight pieces in the Mannone band, a violin, trumpet, accordion, clarinet, guitar, saxophone, bass viol, and drums. Or, in jive jargon, a fiddle, horn,

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR



Old Mr. Boston says:

**"Rich as Brandy
Smooth as
Honey!"**

HERE'S a rich liquor with all the smooth, taste-tempting goodness of luscious, fresh-picked apricots. Yes, and with the hearty richness of a fine old brandy, too. Drink it straight. You'll like the convenience of the handy drinking cup that comes with each pint bottle.

**OLD MR. BOSTON
APRICOT NECTAR**

Also Blackberry • Peach • Wild Cherry—70 Proof

A Beverage Liqueur prepared by
Ben-Bark, Inc., Boston, Mass.

squeeze box, licorice stick, gut box, foghorn, doghouse, and voodoo boilers. . . . Also prominent is John Scott Trotter, maestro of the Crosby radio show. John is thirty-two, hails from Charlotte, North Carolina. At college the boys formed a jazz band. Trotter was at the piano, Hal Kemp was first sax. Skinny Ennis was drummer. Later the aggregation, with Kemp as leader, became nationally famous. . . . Basil Rathbone and his wife, Ouida Bergere, have been working hard for Allied Relief, shipping clothing, medicine, canned goods over there.

★ ★ ★ LUCKY PARTNERS

THE PLAYERS: Ronald Colman, Ginger Rogers, Jack Carson, Spring Byington, Cecilia Loftus, Harry Davenport, Hugh O'Connell, Brandon Tynan, Leon Belasco, Edward Conrad, Walter Kingsford, Lucile Gleason, Helen Lynd. Screen play by Allan Scott and John van Druten based on Sacha Guitry's *Bonne Chance*. Directed by Lewis Milestone. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 99 minutes.

LIGHT, frequently exceedingly slender, farce this, of a platonic honeymoon. Owes its charm to the gay performances of Ronald Colman and Ginger Rogers. Hollywood has taken a French farce by Sacha Guitry, transposed the French *milieu* to Greenwich Village and completely expurgated the proceedings.

Colman does a Village painter, the bored waster of a British family who prefers New York to beachcombing in the South Seas. Miss Rogers plays the affianced sweetheart of a prosaic, dull insurance salesman from Poughkeepsie. The two meet, buy halves of a sweepstake ticket, swear they will go on an innocent "honeymoon" if they win—and they cop a \$6,000 prize. With that they start on their hegira to Niagara Falls, pursued by the perturbed seller of insurance. There are interludes, all in the spot-

less Will Haysian manner, in hotel bedrooms and everything ends up in a rural court.

Lucky Partners is frequently amusing. It grows pretty thin in places. But Colman gives a whimsical charm to the Englishman getting away from it all. Miss Rogers makes the girl effervescent and charming.

And there are a number of nice character bits.

VITAL STATISTICS: American film rights to this naughty Guitry comedy were shunted about Hollywood. Original portrayed a prenuptial trip of a gentleman and a pretty laundress. Rewritten to fit the Hays code by expert cleaner-upper Allan Scott, who fixed up *Primrose Path*. . . . "I enjoy life," remarks Ronald Colman. "I believe one should make a pleasure as well as a business of living. Work has its place, but so has leisure." And his wife, the former Benita Hume, shares his views. Modest and retiring, Colman always has kept out of the Hollywood spotlights. Now the Colmans give occasional parties, enjoy the society of their intimate friends. Ronnie's closest are Bill Powell and Dick Barthelmess. . . . Jack Carson reduced twenty-two pounds in three weeks to get the role of Ginger's sweetie. Got down to a mere 204. Jack majored in football at Carleton College in Minnesota, tried selling insurance, became a master of ceremonies, invaded Hollywood. Has done fifty-four screen roles in three years. Never a love scene until this one, however. . . . Harry Davenport still has his first stage salary, exactly \$1.96, paid him sixty-nine years ago by his father, the famous actor, E. L. Davenport, for doing Damon's son in *Damon and Pythias*. The \$1.96 came in a cast of 1871 coins. . . . Cecilia Loftus, now sixty-three, was one of the famous footlight stars. Did *Peter Pan* in London when Maude Adams was doing the *Barrie* lad in New York. Years later became famous for her imitations.

★ ★ ★ FLOWING GOLD

THE PLAYERS: John Garfield, Frances Farmer, Pat O'Brien, Raymond Walburn, Cliff Edwards, Tom Kennedy, Granville Bates, Jody Gilbert, Edward Pawley, Frank Mayo, William Marshall, Sol Gorss, Virginia Sale, John Alexander. Screen play by Kenneth Gamet, based on a story by Rex Beach. Directed by Alfred Green.

Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 82 minutes.

LIKE Boom Town, this is what Hollywood calls a saga of the hardy boys who seek black gold, penniless one moment, rich the next. Based on a Rex Beach yarn, this has other points of resemblance to Boom Town. They strike oil, it turns out to be water, then it's oil and they're wealthy—but pretty soon the well catches fire. There are fist fights, boom oil towns, comedy interludes with fat women barbers, and romance comes to a hard-boiled young adventurer wanted back in Oklahoma (or maybe it's Nevada) for killing a man.

John Garfield plays the misfit young drifter, tough two-fisted oil worker to whom love comes a-burgeoning. Frances Farmer is the pretty cause of it all. Pat O'Brien is the boss driller of Frances' father who silently loves the gal and is mighty stalwart and self-sacrificing about it all.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Warners built an oil well that was entirely practical (except for the oil) on their 300-acre ranch in Calabasas. Complete with steam-press boilers, lifts, drills, pipe, etc. Cost \$80,000. Even included the small "taper screw," the safety patent device from which movie producer Howard Hughes derived much of his fortune. When Warner-made lightning hit that ninety-foot derrick, twenty sticks of dynamite, exploded by electrician Mark Thomas, blew off the top, eighty more sticks exploded from top to bottom. Detonations felt for thirty-five miles. Ten cameramen caught the "bolt." . . . Once there were two actors down on their luck, sharing a New York hall bedroom, paying five dollars a week—when they could scrape it together. One was an unknown named Spencer Tracy, the other was Pat O'Brien, equally unknown. Nearly starved to death, too. . . . Took John Garfield ten minutes to learn to rumba for that dance scene. John, by the way, expects to play the title

CLASSICAL

★ ★ ★ $\frac{1}{2}$ **HAYDN:** *Symphony No. 92 in G Major* (Oxford). Played by the Paris Conservatory Orchestra, conducted by Bruno Walter. (Victor Album 687.) Sparkling, spontaneous music by the father of the modern symphony. The orchestra responds brilliantly to Mr. Walter's conducting. . . . the recording is appropriately clear.

★ ★ ★ $\frac{1}{2}$ **BEETHOVEN:** *Concerto No. 4 in G Major*. Walter Gieseking (pianist) and the Saxon State Orchestra, conducted by Karl Bohm. (Columbia Set 411.) Superb performance of this great piano concerto. . . . the recording is technically flawless in reproducing both the piano and orchestra.

★ ★ ★ **BRAHMS:** *Variations on a Theme by Haydn*. London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Pablo Casals. (Victor Album G16.) The composer's lyricism and musical craftsmanship well illustrated by Mr. Casals' handling of the score.

★ ★ ★ **MOZART:** *Symphony No. 38 in D Major* (Prague). Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Frederick Stock, conductor. (Columbia Set 410.) Famous symphony in three movements is given a gratifying interpretation by Mr. Stock. . . . the orchestra's rich tone is a pleasure to hear.

OFF THE BEATEN PATH

★ ★ ★ $\frac{1}{2}$ **Classical Music of China.** Played on ancient instruments by Professor Wei Chung Loh. (Musicraft Album

THE TURNTABLE

A review of the outstanding recent phonographic recordings

BY LISTENER

44.) Enchanting selections that should please adventurous Western ears. . . . Professor Wei's renditions on the seven-string ching are particularly recommended.

★ ★ ★ **GERSHWIN:** *Selections from Porgy and Bess*. Decca Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Alexander Smallens. (Decca Album 145.) Todd Duncan, Anne Brown, and the Eva Jessye Choir from the original Broadway production give authentic performances of the songs from this charming work.

POPULAR

★ ★ ★ $\frac{1}{2}$ **Trade Winds.** Bing Crosby with Dick McIntire's Hawaiians. (Decca 3299.) Quiet accompaniment spotlights the vocal in Bing's best sentimental style. *A Song of Old Hawaii*, on reverse, finds him singing an atmospheric number.

★ ★ ★ $\frac{1}{2}$ **Only Forever.** Gene Krupa's Orchestra. (Okeh 5686.) An excellent sweet side from this well integrated band. . . . Howard Du Lany's singing is a big help too.

★ ★ ★ **Love Lies.** Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra. (Victor 26678.) Dependable Mr. Dorsey contributes another smooth rendition of a good ballad. . . . Frank Sinatra

is also up to standard. The *Call of the Canyon* is on the reverse.

★ ★ ★ **Maybe.** Harry James' Orchestra. (Varsity 8353.) The band maintains a good beat throughout as Harry's trumpet leads them brilliantly. Dick Haymes sings.

★ ★ ★ **Dreaming Out Loud.** Artie Shaw's Orchestra. (Victor 26642.) Artie's clarinet and the band's improved ensemble work make this worth while. . . . Martha Tilton vocal. *Now We Know*, an appealing tune on the other side, has the same virtues.

★ ★ ★ **And So Do I.** Jimmy Dorsey's Orchestra. (Decca 3311.) Bob Eberly's vocalizing is outstanding, as the band plays a good arrangement of this tune. The other side has *Let Me Dream*, smoothly played.

SWING

★ ★ ★ $\frac{1}{2}$ **Port of Harlem Blues.** Improvisations by Port of Harlem Jazz Men. (Blue Note 14.) Wonderful slow blues with muted trombone and trumpet solos creating the proper mood. *After Hour Blues*, on reverse, has fine work by the Frank Newton Quintet with Teddy Bunn's guitar, and "Lux" Lewis' piano taking top honors.

★ ★ ★ **Six Appeal.** Benny Goodman's Sextet. (Columbia 3553.) Benny's group shines again playing this original number at medium tempo. *These Foolish Things*, on other side, is taken very slowly. . . . has gorgeous blowing by Benny.

role in the Broadway stage production of Clifford Odets' *Nijinsky*, based on that tragic figure of the dance.

Short Review

★ **YOUNG PEOPLE** (Twentieth Century-Fox). Shirley Temple's farewell to her long-time screen sponsors. Plays the adopted daughter of two vaudevillians. The three retire to a New England village, encounter narrow-minded provincialism, win over the chilly inhabitants by their bravery in a hurricane. Jack Oakie and Charlotte Greenwood do the warm-hearted song-and-dance couple from the six-a-day. (78 minutes.)

QUESTIONS

Grade yourself as follows on this quiz:

- 1- 3 Correct Tsk-tsk!
- 4- 7 Correct Fair
- 8-10 Correct Better than average
- 11-15 Correct Getting hot
- 16-20 Correct Intellectual giant

1—Who was the first President to be inaugurated in Washington, D. C.?

2—What is meant by squaring the circle—and what is its significance?

3—Of what are imitation pearls usually made?

4—Many folks these days seem to be carrying the weight of the world on their shoulders. About how many tons do they metaphorically carry?

5—Often we speak of a person as being "beyond the pale." How did that phrase come to have its present meaning?

6—Why is it considered such bad luck to break a mirror?

7—The Trojan War traditionally was caused by the beauty of Helen of Troy. But what war was caused by a man's ear—which is considered anything but a thing of beauty?

8—People sometimes refer to things as not being worth a "tinker's dam." What is a tinker's dam, and why is it so worthless?

9—What city in the United States has flown the flags of five nations, and what were they?

10—People learning the English language find one series of words most difficult, for, while these words end in the same four letters, they are all pronounced differently. Can you name four of them?

11—What, according to the Bible, is the Eleventh Commandment?

12—When is Twelfth-night—and what does it celebrate?

13—Is an inch in the United States longer or shorter than an inch in Great Britain?

14—Swanee River is one of the most popular American songs. How did Stephen Foster happen to write his song about this particular river?

15—What became known as the "Walking Purchase"?

16—The ladies have a high regard for coral jewelry. But before it adorns the fair sex is it a member of the animal, mineral, or vegetable kingdom?

17—The sandwich is a great American institution. Do you know who invented it—and why?

18—What are lovebirds, and why are they banned in some states?

19—What famous landmark in our country moves backward constantly?

20—One American President was born on the Fourth of July. Who was he?

(Answers will be found on page 42)

Telephone Tales

BY LONG



DISTANCE



Donald B. Dreary
*Has worked himself weary
 Collecting his overdue bills.
 He's written hot letters
 To all of his debtors;
 He's written some nice ones, with frills!
 He's gone out to call
 And office girls stall—
 He's waited for hours and days.
 He works hit-or-miss
 On that man or this
 And little he does ever pays.*



But able Bill Getter
*Has gone him one better—
 He works on the "personal" plan.
 He says it's a crime
 To waste so much time
 Just waiting to see the right man.
 He declares that a call
 Is the best way of all
 And he talks to his man all alone.
 But he doesn't go roaming
 From here to Wyoming—
 He uses the Long Distance Phone!*

IT was all the same, and yet it wasn't.

There was the long room with the School just outside the windows; there was the old clock ticking the slow seconds away. There were the rows of scarred desks, and the boys behind them were almost the same.

Only he wasn't down there with his history lesson half ready. He was up here, on the platform, behind the big desk. He wasn't Merry any more: he was Mr. Merriam. It gave you a strange feeling when you'd been so long a schoolboy yourself, when you knew you'd carved your initials on one of those very desks before you. But that had been a long time ago.

Young Allen was standing up with his bullet-like head and his close-cropped hair. Young Allen was droning drearily on as if he felt the early Romans were deadly dull.

Merriam said, "All right, Allen." He looked down and said, "Lyle! What did Caesar do next?"

Lyle was small and his straw-color-

turned Merriam's hair to pure gold. It made him look even younger than he was, and it was sleepy there in the long room, with Channing's voice droning on and on about the adventures of that irascible bald-headed man who had conquered all Gaul and made schoolboys' lives miserable for centuries.

The bell rang for end of class, and History I went out the door in a collective scurry.

It was so quiet in the old room that Merriam just sat there for a minute. He looked out the long windows and thought how he'd had it all once—all that eternal golden summer of good schooldays—how he'd lost it one June, and now he'd gotten it all back again. He thought of all the bleak, bitter times he'd had in between, but they'd gone dim now, so dim they might never have been.

He looked up, and Lyle stood like a small shadow before the big desk. Lyle said, "Yes, sir."

Merriam had never seen any one look so miserable, and he said, "What is wrong with your lessons, Lyle?"

Schoolboy's Return

A story you'll long remember—of a woman's heart,
a shining romance, and a wise old man's meddling

ed hair made his face look whiter. He seemed in a daze as he said in a soft stammer, "I—I don't know, sir."

Merriam said, "Didn't you learn your lesson?"

Lyle's pale blue eyes were perfectly blank. He said, "Yes, sir," in that weak, vague voice of his. He said, "Only I forgot."

Merriam leaned back and he wondered if he'd ever be a good teacher. He said sharply, because you had to, "All right, Lyle. Stay after." He called, "Channing," and a chunky dark boy stood up.

The sunlight streamed in and

Lyle stood on one foot and the books looked heavy there under his arm. He said, and his voice wasn't quite so vague, "I guess it's just me, sir. I get them all right and then they go right out of my head."

Merriam said, "Don't you like the school, Lyle?" And he didn't know he was doing something to Lyle just by sitting there, something he'd always done to people all his life—because there was some golden quality about him nearly no one else had.

Lyle stared at Merriam and his bright hair and blue eyes. Lyle said, "Yes, sir!" in one great gulp.

Sydney Ball



He touched her hand. There was a stir in the bushes behind them and Fuzzy was standing there..

BY GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

Merriam put his hand on Lyle's shoulder. He said, "Don't mind. You'll have a lot of good times." He said, "I was here myself, you know."

Lyle's eyes lit up. He said, all in a rush, "Yes, sir. We all know all about you, sir."

Merriam smiled, but he still didn't like what he saw in Lyle's face. He said, "Something wrong, Lyle?"

Lyle looked frightened. He spoke,

as if he simply couldn't get the words out fast enough, "No, sir. Honest, sir."

It wasn't so, Merriam knew, and he wondered if you ever knew what was back there in a boy's mind—if you ever could know.

He slapped the small boy's shoulder. He said, "All right, Lyle. Perk up. You've got to be at my wedding, you know."

"Yes, sir!" Lyle said, suddenly full of importance.

It was like turning time back to step out of Hall, to stand on the steps and see the School there, dreamy in the autumn haze. It was like walking straight back into your youth.

Merriam turned and saw Chapel tower, and young Austin was coming across the Yard with the sun strong upon his face.

Only young Austin was tall Austin now: he was grown up, grown old, and he'd graduate this June. He'd only been a small scrub when Merriam had been in school: a small scrub shouting outside Ames, where Merriam was housemaster now.

Austin came up the steps and his face was as sensitive as it had always been. He said, "Hello, sir." He held out his hand. He said, and meant it, "It's swell to see you back!"

They stood there and they were both thinking the same thing: how they'd been boys together in school: Austin a very small one standing at the great gate to watch Merry go away one blazing blue day in June.

Austin nodded. He said soberly, "I guess we've grown old, sir."

Merriam smiled because Austin looked so serious. He said, "Not you, Austin. You've a lot of time left."

Austin smiled back, and it was hard to believe he'd been a little scrub. He said, "It doesn't feel so, when you've got to go away this June."

Austin went into Hall and Merriam knew how he felt, for he'd felt that same way himself a long time ago.

He cut across the Yard and Sally was running there in the sun.

Sally was coming across the grass in her old worn breeches and her old brown boots, and any one else would have said she had a funny, freckled face, that her legs were too long and her hair was always a wild mop on her head. Only Merriam had never seen her that way: from the very first when he'd been a scrub and she'd been Fuzzy's small daughter.

SHE'D always been Sally: just Sally, laughing Sally, and he'd never thought she was odd or her clothes terrible. For he'd been in love with her almost all his life.

She put a firm brown hand on his arm. She said, in her keen quick way, "It's simply awful. I can't stand it any more. Have you a class, Merry? Or can we run away?"

Merriam said, "I bet the Dragon's been dressing you up again," and they began to run across the Yard and through the fields just as they had when Merry'd been a boy and not a teacher at all.

Sally laughed. She said, "You shouldn't. It's not dignified. What'll the boys say?"

Merriam laughed back at her. He said, "They'll say, 'There goes Merry again.' They'll never treat me as a housemaster even if I'm a hundred years old."

Little River flowed slow there beneath the trees, silver in the sunlight, and it had been a silver thread through all their lives. They sat down on the soft green bank and they were remembering, as they always did.

They were remembering how Merry'd been a boy in school, and Sally'd always been there too, keeping house for Fuzzy, looking after him carefully, for he'd become quite old. They were remembering Merry's senior year and how life had always seemed to stretch out straight ahead

for him in a shining golden path: Stanford for college, then on and on.

And then it hadn't. For Merry's father'd lost all his money and he'd gone quite queer. And Merry'd gone through the last of senior year knowing there'd be no college, no money, no anything. It had been a bad year, that last year, and that was when they'd been most in love.

Merry'd gone away that June, out the great school gate, into a grim gray sullen world. And only Sally'd always known that he'd fight his way through somehow, that he'd come back at last because he loved her so.

MERRY lay on the grass and thought back to those dim hard times when he'd been working his way through college and then through graduate school, because Fuzzy'd told him if he got his master's degree he could come back and teach some day.

He'd always been coming back: back to Sally, back to the School, and the two were so close together in his mind they could never be separate. He'd always thought it would be like coming home after some long journey. And so it was.

They sat there and Little River chuckled a little as if it knew they weren't grown up really, or grown old, but just a boy and girl held fast in enchantment.

He lay back and thought how everything was keener, quicker, sharper when you were in love; how skies took on a special blue and the twilight was sheer dim misty magic; how you thought anything could happen, and everything that happened would be good. And all the world and all the trees and all the skies were Sally, Sally, Sally!

Sally looked up through her long lashes and he knew she'd been thinking the same thing. Sally said softly, "It's good, isn't it! It's good at last."

He touched her hand, and they'd waited a long time—just for this. They'd waited a long, dim, dreary time, but it had been worth it. They'd always known it would be.

There was a stir in the bushes behind them and Fuzzy was standing there.

Fuzzy was tall and gaunt and his pockets bulged with papers as they always had ever since any one could remember. He didn't look in the least like a headmaster or a renowned classical scholar. But he was.

He smiled and he didn't look quite so old or frail then. And he made Merriam feel as if he were a boy in school again and Fuzzy was looking after him.

Fuzzy shoved his hands deep into his pockets and said in his old, cracked voice, "Sally, your aunt's looking for you. I gather it's something about a wedding dress. Her mouth seems to be quite full of pins."

Sally got up. She said, "Oh, bother!" She smiled and said, "Is it always as much fuss as this?"

Fuzzy plucked at his wisp of whisker. He said, "I rather think so. In fact I know it is." He looked as if he

were thinking a long way back. He said, "There was so much fuss when I married your mother I almost made up my mind to run away the day before the ceremony." He smiled and said, "If I had, you'd hardly be here."

Sally laughed and began to run back toward the School.

Merriam stood there. And they'd meant to have things so simple, he and Sally. They'd meant to be married quietly in Chapel, and they hadn't even been going away on a honeymoon. And then Sally's Aunt Nettie had appeared out of nowhere and begun stirring things up.

He looked up and Fuzzy was smiling as if he understood. Fuzzy said, as if he knew how it felt to be a new teacher and a very young one too, "Is everything all right?"

Merriam said, "Yes, sir. Quite all right. Except young Lyle. I'm a little worried about him."

Fuzzy said slowly, "I don't suppose there's ever been a time when I haven't been worried over some boy. But they almost always work out all right."

He said, as if he were thinking back through all the years, "Lyle's mother only got her divorce a little while ago. She divorced Sam. Sam Lyle must have been here in your time, Merry."

Merriam said, "Yes, sir," and he wondered if that was what was wrong with Lyle. He thought back and Sam Lyle was only a blur, a boy who'd been much older than he when he'd been at school.

Fuzzy said, "I'll have the boy over for tea and talk to him."

Merriam looked up and he knew that Fuzzy was a little worried too.

THE weather changed that afternoon and it was raining hard by night when Merriam sat in the old study at Ames and marked up examination papers in History I.

He sat back and thought of all the men who'd been housemasters here at Ames: Fuzzy, himself, and Mr. Douglas and Mr. Brooks. He hoped that some day he'd be as good a master as they were, but doubted it.

He thought back and he'd been a scrub at Ames himself: a small untidy scrub in the study just down the hall, the study that Allen and Lyle had now. He flipped the pile of papers over and there was Lyle's.

He read it and it was pretty bad: it was much worse than it should have been, for young Lyle wasn't a stupid boy. He wasn't really; he only seemed to be, and Merriam wondered what on earth he could do about it.

There was a sharp knock on the door and it flew open.

Allen was standing there in his pajamas and he was quite white. "Lyle's gone!" he said. "He's gone, sir. He isn't in his bed."

Merriam jumped up, and Allen said in a rush, "He took off his clothes, sir, and went to bed when I did. And then he just wasn't there." He said, "D'you s'pose—"

Merriam said quite casually, for it wouldn't do to upset Allen any more, "Got any idea where he's gone?"

Allen looked quite queer. He said, "I guess—I guess, sir, he's gone to find his father. He's always talking about it."

Merriam said, "I see," and he did, at last. And he knew he should have seen it a long time ago.

He said, "All right, Allen. Take it easy." He said, "Any idea where his father is?"

Allen put his back against the door and his hands shook a little. He said, "He thinks he's in New York, sir." He said, "Oh, gee, sir—oh, gee—"

Merriam threw on his raincoat. He slapped Allen's shoulder, and Allen was so upset because his friend was in trouble he said, "Buck up. We'll bring him back."

HE ran out into the hall, and doors were opening all along the corridor and half the boys were out there. He said sharply, because he had to, "Back to bed, all of you."

He ran down the stairs and called over his shoulder, "Lyle'll be all right," and he hoped to heaven he would.

He picked up the phone and called Fuzzy's home.

He ran out into the night and the rain was driving hard. He climbed into his battered old car and started it and time seemed to crawl. He went out through the great gate. And that was the way Lyle had gone, through

the rain and the dark, because he was lonely for a shadowy man named Sam Lyle, because he simply couldn't stand it any more.

Fuzzy'd call the police, Fuzzy'd rouse half the countryside. And somewhere they'd find Lyle and bring him back. Only that really wouldn't do any good.

The headlights' glare caught that small sodden figure half a mile beyond the village. It had its face toward the headlights because it was slowly, drearily trudging back.

Merriam threw open the door, and he mustn't show he was excited. He said in a shout, "Lyle! Hop in!"

Young Lyle seemed smaller than ever because he was so wet. He said, as if he trusted Merriam, as if Merriam were about the only one he did trust, "I—I ran away, sir."

Young Lyle's face was whiter than ever and he was just about all in.

Merriam said, and he tried to be calm and easy, "Change your mind?"

Young Lyle's face screwed up as if he wanted to cry but wouldn't. He said, "Yes, sir." He said, as if he were sure Merriam would understand, "You see, I missed my father. I—I thought—" He put his face in his hands and said, "Only, when I'd gone and done it, I knew it wouldn't be any good. He couldn't have me. The court said so."

Young Lyle wasn't saying it all, because he couldn't—even to Merriam. But it was all there behind the

words: how happy he'd been at home and how it had all broken into bits. And now he was lost and lonely in a bitter, bewildering world, where a court said you couldn't have your father any more.

Young Lyle moved closer. He said quite slowly, "I guess—I guess it wasn't right to run away."

They were going through the great gate again and there were all the little lights of School.

Merriam said, because Lyle would understand even if he were so young, "It never does any good to run away from anything. You can't do it, because the thing's still there, no matter how far you run."

Young Lyle looked up soberly. He said, "Yes, sir." He said, in sudden fright, "Gee, sir, will they—?"

Merriam smiled. He said, "No, they won't." He said, "Upstairs with you and take off those wet things and hop straight into bed." He said, "I'll look in on you in a sec."

Young Lyle looked up and there was a blinding light upon his face, as if Merriam had become the only friend he had. He said in a quick short gasp, "Will you, sir? Will you?"

MERRIAM worried about young Lyle half that night and he was still worried next morning. He went swiftly down the hall, and he heard Allen's voice from the study.

Allen was saying, "Gee, you've got a peach!" Allen said in utter admiration, "An absolute stinker!"

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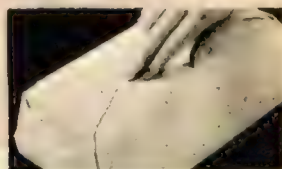
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Merriam swung open the door, and young Lyle sat there on the bed with his nose red and his eyes half closed. He sneezed convulsively.

Allen said, and he looked a little worried now, "He's got a cold, sir."

Merriam said, "So I see." He went over and touched young Lyle on the shoulder. He said, and he didn't like the way young Lyle looked, "Off to Infirmary for you."

Young Lyle trotted beside him through the Yard and it was all bright and sunny there again. Young Lyle wheezed and said, "I won't miss the wedding, will I, sir?" He looked small and lost and sick.

Merriam said softly, "Don't worry, Lyle. It isn't for three days yet." He said, "Of course you'll come."

But he wasn't so sure.

IT was two days later when Mrs. Lyle came through the great gate.

She walked with quick impatient steps and she couldn't quite tell why she'd come. A Mr. Merriam had written her that Johnny had a bad cold—but it was only a cold and he was quite safe in Infirmary.

She wondered why she'd ever sent Johnny to Sam's old school—this small school where even the red-brick buildings looked shabby and old.

She turned, tall and dark and a little imperious in her new dark coat, and this must be the headmaster's house hidden away here among the trees. And the headmaster was Francis Stillwell Adams, a most distinguished man.

She put her finger on the bell and rang it hard because she couldn't be kept waiting.

The woman who opened the door was tall and bony and a little severe. She said, and her voice snapped, "Will you come into the library? I'll call Mr. Adams."

The long library was lined with books and there were pictures of boys all about, boys in groups, boys all alone. There were dates marked on some of them and those dates went back a long way.

Mrs. Lyle sat there and her foot tapped impatiently. She sat there and she could see the picture of Sam's class and the boys in it were all bright-faced and young.

An old man came into the room and he looked like some gaunt rusty bird with the little fluff of whisker on his chin, his tie half undone, and his clothes simply hanging on him.

He held out his hand. He said, "It's Mrs. Lyle, isn't it? It was good of you to come."

Mrs. Lyle stared, and it was strange any one like this should be headmaster of a school. And then she remembered—she remembered what Sam had said, how fond he'd been of the gaunt old man and how all of the boys in the School called him "Fuzzy."

Fuzzy shoved his hands deep in his pockets and smiled. He said, "He isn't very sick, you know. Just a cold that doesn't seem to go."

He looked at her quite keenly. He

said, "It was raining very hard the night he ran away."

Mrs. Lyle said, "Ran away?" and she simply didn't believe it.

Fuzzy nodded as if it were nothing at all. He quite carefully didn't look at her. He said, "It seems he had some idea of finding his father."

Mrs. Lyle sat there and it wasn't real: it wasn't real that Johnny had run away in the night and the rain; it wasn't real that Sam's old teacher was trying to tell her something.

She said, and she knew it sounded horrible, "I have sole custody, you know. Of course, later—" She looked down at her hands and they simply wouldn't keep still.

Fuzzy nodded as if he understood. He said, "Of course." He said, as if he weren't really speaking to her at all, "I can remember Sam quite well. Sam always did things first and thought about them afterward."

Chapel bell was ringing and Mrs. Lyle wanted to get out of the room, away from this old man who'd seen so much and known so much, away from Sam; not Sam as she'd known him last, but Sam shining and ardent and young. For Sam almost seemed to be here—here in the long library—because an old man was remembering him.

Fuzzy was saying, "I'm sorry. I have a class. May I take you over to Infirmary?"

She looked up, and he wasn't just a gaunt untidy old man any more. He was a headmaster who'd never forgotten any of his boys.

She heard a voice from somewhere upstairs and that voice snapped. It said, as if some one's mouth might be full of pins, "Can't you stand still a single second?"

FUZZY smiled. He said, "You'll find us in rather a turmoil. My daughter's about to be married. She's marrying one of our old boys."

Mrs. Lyle hardly heard him. And she'd forgotten all about it when she went up the stairs of Infirmary and there was Johnny, quite small in a big white bed.

Johnny looked as if he were waiting for some one.

He stared. He said, "Mum!" And she felt quite queer, because it wasn't she he was waiting for.

She sat down beside the bed and Johnny looked just like Sam; a smaller, whiter Sam: Sam with a red nose and an awfully bad cold.

She said, and she tried to be bright and gay, only she couldn't quite, "You don't look horribly sick. I think you're shamming. How do you feel?"

He gave a faint grin as if he were trying, too. He said, "Not so bad." He said, "You mustn't kiss me, though, because you'll catch it."

She leaned far forward. She said, "Johnny, why did you run away?" He turned his head away. He said dully, "I—I don't know."

She leaned farther forward still. She said in a sudden choking rush, "Johnny, if you aren't happy here—"

Lyle sat bolt upright. He said, "Gosh, Mum! Gosh, they're awful good to me. Mr. Merriam's reading me all about Mr. Pickwick." He looked out the window at the old copper beech that so softly rustled there. He said, "Mr. Merriam's swell."

And he was whom Johnny'd been waiting for.

Lyle said, and his eyes shone, "He's getting married tomorrow, Mum. He's getting married to Miss Adams." All the light died out of his face again. "Only I can't go. I've got to stay in bed."

He looked at her in the old way that meant he wanted something. He said, "They're going to get married right here. Will you stay for the wedding, Mum?"

She said, and she was still upset, "I'm afraid I can't, Johnny. I ought to get back. Besides, they wouldn't want me."

Lyle said in a rush, "Oh, yes, they would." His hand sought hers and held it quite hard. "And then you could come and tell me about it."

SHE walked through the school gate next day, and she hadn't meant to stay, she hadn't meant to step inside Sam's old school again. But here she was.

There was something queer about the school, something that drew you back, something that made you do things you didn't want to do.

She looked up and the Yard was quite full of people. It was strange that it should be so when only a young schoolmaster was being married, only a young teacher who didn't amount to much.

She turned toward Chapel because that was what Johnny wanted her to do. She went up Chapel steps, and a small man in a shiny blue serge suit was standing there. His head was brown and bald and he had mild blue eyes.

She stood there for a second and the small man said quite shyly, "You're Mrs. Lyle, aren't you?" He said, "How's Master Sam?" He chuckled. He said, "He was always in trouble when he was here in school. Only he wasn't a bad boy. He wasn't a bad boy at all."

Mrs. Lyle felt quite queer; she felt as if she were in a strange world, a world where every one was young, that world that Sam had never stopped talking about.

She did something strange. She held out her hand to the small man. She said, and her voice had a little lilt to it, "I know who you are. You're Mr. Stubbs. You used to keep Sam's pocket money safe for him."

Sam had always talked about Old Stubbs, how he was the school janitor and wore a straw hat painted a bright blue, and how the boys gave him their pocket money to keep and he added it up in a small red book.

She said, and she simply had to talk because she felt so strange, "What a lot of people there are!"

Old Stubbs said, and he looked as

proud as if he'd brought all the people here himself, "It's Merriam getting married, ma'am. He's one of our old boys."

He looked quite old, as if he could see a long way back, as if he could see all the Old Boys, not grown old at all, but shouting and happy and young. He said quite softly, "Merry was one of the best boys we ever had."

He said, and his voice was very strong now, "They'll all come back, ma'am. They'll all come back to see him married—all the boys who were here in his time."

She looked, and they were all coming—all the boys who'd been here a long time ago—only they weren't boys any more. They were all coming up the steps, they were all calling out to the small man, "Hi, Stubbs! Hello, Stubbs!" They were all crowding round him and shaking his hand till she had to stand aside.

And she knew he didn't see them as she did, grown old and tired and a little worn: he saw them all radiant and laughing and young. That was the way he still saw Sam.

The severe-looking woman she'd seen at the headmaster's house came pushing through the crowd. And she must be Miss Adams, Fuzzy's sister.

Miss Adams sniffed. She stood there like a living monument of disapproval. She said severely, "Mrs. Lyle, you'd better come sit with me."

She said, "H'm! Can't even have a Christian sort of wedding without a lot of snuffly little boys about! Do

you know they aren't even going away on a decent honeymoon?"

She said, as if she'd been severely tried, "That niece of mine! Spends all her time coddling her father and then has to marry a no-account teacher so she'll spend some more of her life in a run-down school!"

Mrs. Lyle felt a slow anger rising inside her. For Miss Adams was talking that way about Sam's school, Johnny's school. And she shouldn't.

It was dark inside Chapel until you got used to it. And then you could see the sun streaming in through the long windows, you could see all the boys there along the benches and all the Old Boys who'd only been small boys once.

Mrs. Lyle looked up and she was surprised. She said, "Why, that's the bishop, isn't it?"

Miss Adams said, as if bishops were the merest commonplace, "Him? Oh, he was in school here."

Mrs. Lyle wished Miss Adams weren't here; she wished she'd go away. She was so sharp and cold, and it simply wasn't right, not when Fuzzy's daughter was marrying one of the Old Boys, not when the bishop had come a long way just to marry them.

She stared straight ahead and the sunlight struck on one of the benches just before her. She could see the names there, carved deep in the wood, carved a long time ago; names of boys who'd been here, boys who'd gone away, boys who'd never come

back again because they were dead: COLLISON. STEVENS. MERRIAM. LYLE.

And then it all blurred because Sam had carved his name there and the organ had burst out in a great peal of sound and every one was standing up.

Sam's name was there and she could see Sam quite clearly, Sam with his straw-colored hair and his little mustache and his slow, small smile. The organ droned, and her mind fought fiercely against it, against Sam and Fuzzy and all the School.

Her mind said: "Sam was unfaithful and so you left him."

But even if she shut her mind quite tight, she could hear Fuzzy's voice, old and a little cracked because he was remembering a small boy he'd been fond of once: "Sam always did things first and thought about them afterward."

She could still hear Old Stubbs say, "Only he wasn't a bad boy. He wasn't a bad boy at all."

And she knew in a sudden blinding flash that an old teacher and a small bald-headed man knew Sam better than she ever had.

A little rustle ran along all the rows and Mr. Merriam was standing there by the altar rail. The sun had turned his hair to gold and she knew why Johnny watched and waited for him. Because he was a special sort of person and Johnny'd know that quite quickly. Because he was young. Because he'd never really grow old.

WHAT MRS. GREEN SAID ABOUT YOU!



SHE SAID IT'S YOUR FAULT THAT DADDY STAYS AT THE OFFICE ALL THE TIME, MOTHER!

WHAT! ARE YOU SURE MRS. GREEN WAS TALKING ABOUT ME, JUDY?



CROSS MY HEART SHE WAS, MOTHER! AN' SHE SAID DADDY WOULDN'T STAY AT THE OFFICE IF--IF THE DENTIST TOLD YOU WHAT TO DO ABOUT--ABOUT YOUR BREATH!



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LATER--THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM...

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OVER TWICE AS MUCH

NOW--NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!



She wondered how it would feel to be young like that, to look up like that with that white blinding light upon your face—

She turned, and Fuzzy was coming in with Sally on his arm. The girl was utterly lovely in her long white dress—lovely because she was in love.

They stood there before the bishop—Merry and Sally—and it was all a blur because Mrs. Lyle couldn't see very well. She could hardly hear the words, and they were old words, worn deep by centuries of use, but this time they seemed fresh and new:

“... for better for worse, for richer for poorer...”

Mrs. Lyle couldn't see anything at all. They were so young—as if all youth, soft golden youth, had come back to them in this single hour, as if it would never leave them now, for they'd always be together.

She knew how they felt as the

slow words droned on. She knew, for she'd felt that same way herself a long time ago.

Miss Adams seemed to be fumbling for something. Miss Adams said in an unsteady whisper, “—isn't worth it. No man is.”

Mrs. Lyle knew better. Merriam was worth it, and he'd stooped to fit the ring on Sally's finger. Merriam was worth it because she'd always love him—because small boys would always love him too, as long as he stayed in school.

Sam was worth it too.

The wedding march pealed out and the school organ wheezed a little and wasn't very good. But she never knew it. She was coming down the aisle, slow and a trifle dazed, just as they were coming now. Only it wasn't here now really: it was in a small Connecticut church a long time ago.

She saw Fuzzy's face, and it

wasn't old or tired any more. She turned, and Miss Adams had her handkerchief up to her eyes: she was crying hard.

She looked, and there were the long rows of boys: boys just like Merriam, Johnny, Sam.

She came out on the steps and Chapel bell had gone wild because some of the boys were ringing it. She saw Fuzzy standing there and she went up to him. She said in a shout, because the boys were making so much noise, “Mr. Adams! Mr. Adams! Where could I send a telegram?”

Fuzzy fingered the gray goatee on his chin and he looked quite troubled. He said, “There's a telephone at my house, Mrs. Lyle.” He said, and he seemed more troubled still, “Perhaps you won't need to telegraph.”

He stood there, a tall gaunt shadow against the sun. He said, “I'm an old man, Mrs. Lyle, and so I sometimes meddle. I'm afraid this time I've meddled a good deal.”

He turned and stared across the lawn—across the Yard. He said, and his voice wasn't old or cracked at all, “You'll find Sam over at Infirmary.”

THE END

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BON AMI CAKE



Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 35

- 1—Thomas Jefferson.
- 2—The problem is to construct, with only compasses and rules, a square whose area equals that of a given circle. From ancient days, mathematicians have tried to figure this one out—but it remains to this day an unsolved problem.
- 3—Glass beads, covered with a preparation made from fish scales.
- 4—About 6.6 billion trillion tons, exclusive of the atmosphere.
- 5—During the late fifteenth century, that part of Ireland over which England had established rule was known as the Pale. All outside of it was enemy territory—which gave rise to the figurative use.
- 6—Many primitive peoples believe that the reflection of a person in a mirror is that person's “second soul,” and therefore you break the soul if you break the mirror. Some tribes believe it bad luck also to throw stones at reflections in the water—for a similar reason.
- 7—Robert Jenkins, English sea captain, alleged that Spaniards cut off his ear. This was one of the causes of Britain's war with Spain in 1739, sometimes called the War of Jenkins' Ear.
- 8—It is a small dam of clayish material which a tinker used in soldering. The material was always thrown away after use, so was considered worthless.
- 9—St. Augustine, Florida. The nations were Spain, France, Great Britain, the United States, and the Confederacy.
- 10—Through, bough, enough, cough, and many more.
- 11—Jesus said (John 13, 34): “A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another.”
- 12—January 5—twelve days after Christmas, counting Christmas as the first. It commemorates the visit of the Magi to the Christ child.
- 13—An inch in the United States is longer than that in Great Britain. The United States inch is 25.40005 millimeters, while the British is 25.39996.
- 14—He found the name on a map, while hunting for a name to fit into his song. That one not only fitted the notes of his song, but also seemed to express the emotional qualities of the South, which is why he picked it.
- 15—When William Penn signed a treaty purchasing land from the Delaware Indians, the interior boundary was to be set at a distance a man could walk in three days. Penn's men covered forty miles the first day and a half, however, and the boundary was set there.
- 16—Although it is one of the lowest forms of animal life, coral is very definitely a member of the animal kingdom.
- 17—The fourth Earl of Sandwich, in England, enjoyed putting a slice of meat between two pieces of bread and eating informally while playing at the gaming table. Thus “Sandwiches” were born.
- 18—Several species of parrots, so called because of the affection they show for their mates. Some states have banned them for fear they may be carrying parrot fever.
- 19—Niagara Falls. The brink is receding two and a half feet a year on the average.
- 20—Calvin Coolidge.

Mr. Macfadden interviewed on Liberty's radio program by Gabriel Heatter at the celebration of the former's seventy-second birthday at the Physical Culture Hotel.

**BY BERNARR
MACFADDEN**

LOST IN THE SKY

**Adventure at 72! A traveler of the air
describes the thrills of a twelve-hour
flight alone against storm and danger**

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

TEN or twelve years of flying naturally brings many thrills, especially when six or seven of these years have been spent as a licensed pilot.

Flying has always fascinated me. When I first saw one of the Wright brothers zoom into the air, then and there I determined to be a flyer. My ambition was satisfied very late in life. I had flown behind a pilot five or six years before deciding to secure a license and do my own flying. My teacher naturally concluded that I was too old, but he was finally convinced that youth does not always depend on years.

As I have stated previously in this magazine, I made a solo flight from New York to Miami, and shortly afterward concluded a second similar flight; but for venturesome flying that requires unusual presence of mind and at times grim determination, the recent solo flight I made from Miami with my intended destination the Physical Culture resort at Dansville, New York, furnished some thrilling experiences.

The trip represented a distance of approximately 1,300 miles. I started nearly one hour before daylight, and my arrival was expected at about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Air travel at night is at times not unlike blind flying. The instruments must be scanned closely. The lights on the ground often furnish guiding

landmarks, but the bank and turn, the compass, the altimeter, the speed of the engine, the climbing indicator all must be closely watched, and some "instrument flying" was required in the beginning of this trip while passing through various scattered clouds.

Following the shore line was comparatively easy, and daylight soon appeared. The proper height to facilitate my journey had been checked, and in about two hours I had reached Daytona Beach. Another hour, and Jacksonville was left behind. Refueling at Charleston had been planned, and in less than five hours my arrival there was clocked—comparatively good speed for my small Bellanca.

I had planned to fly straight through from Charleston to Dansville nonstop. Although my plane had a speed of but little over 110 miles per hour, it had a cruising range of eight hours, making it possible to travel nearly 900 miles without refueling.

I started merrily on my way from Charleston with straight pleasant flying until I was about forty miles from Richmond. Then my trouble began. Before me huge black clouds were gathered.

Now, all pilots, young or old, stay away from severe storms—whenever

possible. They are unpleasant and sometimes dangerous.

However, there was no flying field near with which I was familiar, and the Richmond field was one of my favorites. To try to land there ahead of the storm was my final decision. While there the weather conditions for the balance of the trip could also be ascertained.

The speed of my plane was accelerated. The James River flows directly south from Richmond for a short distance, and a railroad track branched off east from this river, and the airfield was near these tracks at a distance of about ten miles.

That airfield was my destination. The river was located. I had to fly at about 200 feet to see clearly. Those railroad tracks finally appeared faintly in the dense gloom. I turned east and followed them, but that ten miles seemed like fifty. The field finally appeared, and I heaved a sigh of relief.

By this time the rain was beating down in torrents. I glanced at the sock over the hangar which indicates the direction of the wind, maneuvered the plane to land in the proper direction, cut off my engine, adjusted the stabilizers, and safely landed on the rain-soaked field, passing through pools of water of various depths. A

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dozen or more student pilots were gazing in my direction with considerable astonishment.

After half an hour's delay visibility improved materially, and after phoning Philadelphia I learned there was contact flying in Washington, Philadelphia, and New York, although the ceiling was low and there was a drizzling rain.

After about an hour's delay my journey was continued northward toward Washington. The clouds began to thicken noticeably before reaching the Potomac River, and when it came in view great clouds as black as your hat appeared before me in that direction.

Now, my recent experience was enough for one day. These clouds looked dangerous. Furthermore, I had no intention of landing again, so to try to fly around the storm was my decision. This changed my course to northeast, although while advancing it was necessary at times to fly east and occasionally southeast; but I continued, hoping that the storm was merely local, and after flying about an hour I came into clearer weather. The plane was then turned in a northerly direction. A stretch of water finally came in view which I afterward learned was Chesapeake Bay. The visibility was so bad that land was not visible, but by traveling in a northeasterly direction land should soon appear.

I failed to calculate on a strong north wind that was carrying me south all the time. The visibility now had greatly improved, but I was puzzled as to my location. It was evident that I was lost; and unfortunately the radio beam could not be used, as the instrument was out of order.

After flying another few minutes I decided to land in a farmer's field and locate myself. A wheat field recently mowed was selected, and after circling two or three times and flying over the terrain a landing was made.

Instead of being near Baltimore as expected, I was about a hundred miles south, on an island named Tilghman in Chesapeake Bay.

WITH the help of the farmers, my position, was located on the map.

The Delaware Bay could be reached by flying northeast, the shore of which, if followed, would take me to the Delaware River. The Philadelphia airport on the shore of this river should then be easily located.

The weather report was checked by phone. It was not especially favorable, and the desirability of waiting until the next morning was given some consideration; but the necessity of arriving at the Dansville resort the next day without fail made it imperative to continue my journey.

Then a serious problem appeared. Less than a year before I had cracked up a \$10,000 plane by trying to get out of a farmer's field with an overload of gasoline and passengers. Fortunately for me, I was the only passenger, but safety first was my motto. The contents of one of my gasoline

tanks was given to the farmer whose hospitality I had enjoyed. The field was carefully examined, running the plane in various directions before taking off. A partly downwind start was necessary to avoid trees and telegraph wires. The necessity of operating the mechanism with great care was fully realized.

I started the plane, sailed down the field with the engine on at full power, pushed the stick forward, raised the tail, and in two or three seconds pulled the plane into the air, missing the fence by a few feet. I pulled up my retractable landing gear and was then on my way, my compass for a guide. Some relief, I can tell you!

For a short period the visibility was fairly good, and then more downpour . . . darkened skies. No black clouds, but a steady rain. I was aiming for Delaware Bay, which was supposed to be about fifty miles away, and I should have arrived there in twenty-five or thirty minutes. But apparently the wind changed my course, blowing me in a southerly direction instead of northeast.

TIME passes very slowly when flying is difficult and unpleasant, but I finally reached the bay.

And then it flashed through my mind that my gasoline supply was not any too plentiful; but I started to follow the shore northward, hoping within a few minutes I would see the Delaware River. But I must have traveled nearly one hundred miles before I saw the opposite shore, indicating that at last I was near the river, and it seemed an additional interminable period before I reached Wilmington and was able to turn in an easterly direction toward Philadelphia. And the gasoline supply—will it hold out? That was a query that bothered me.

However, the flying by this time was much more pleasant. One gasoline tank was only half full when taking off from the farmer's field, and I was yearning for the sight of the Philadelphia airport. To be up in the air in a plane with no gasoline is far from pleasant. I had this very definitely in mind when flying over the oil tanks and buildings that lined the shore at Wilmington.

And by this time it was nearly seven o'clock, not far from coming darkness. Such a thought was not exhilarating.

But finally a broad expanse appeared . . . the long runways of the Philadelphia airport. Eureka! a safe landing was before me!

My schedule called for my presence in Dansville the next day. I was to be host for more than sixty-five hikers who had started from Cleveland two weeks previous. I could not disappoint them. If I waited in Philadelphia until the next day, depending on my plane, the weather might forbid flying. Therefore the train to New York was in order, and a sleeper that night, arriving at Dansville the next morning.

THE END

Alimony Parasites

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

OURS was to have been such a nice divorce.

There wasn't any scandal for the tabloids to gloat over, or any broken hearts for any one to grieve over.

The situation with Edna and me had long passed the broken-heart stage. We hadn't lived together, except officially, for more than ten years. We had just been sticking it out for our child's sake.

Living in the prospect of ultimate release from a difficult situation, we had managed to preserve most of the amenities, to remain rather good friends. Especially about money, there had been no jarring note. We had two accounts, and hers was always fatter than mine. I was a sap about money, anyhow.

Edna therefore had no worries about the financial end. So when our daughter, like her parents before her, upped and married in her late teens, the way was cleared for a really high-class divorce.

At least, that was the idea. But, the law being what it is, and human nature also being what it is, we succeeded in dirtying things up pretty well before we were through. Out of the vulgar mess, two facts, and only two facts, emerged. For all the rest of our lives we should not be able to escape them.

She had become an alimony parasite. I was an alimony slave.

As I look back on my years with Edna, the worst I have to say of her is that she lived for seeming rather than for being, and that, as the years went by, this trait began to have disastrous consequences for us both.

Putting up a "bluff" or a "front" may begin as a fairly innocent thing; but it leads, invariably, first to petty deceptions and then to major ones. Realizing that not only I but her relatives and friends were fully aware of her exaggerations and prevarications, she retired behind a self-built wall of assumed superiority to all of us, and from this retreat fired volleys of cruel, almost sadistic ridicule, which made her feared and hated where she had once been loved.

Those are my chief complaints against Edna: that living with her made me a party to mentally dishonest attitudes and procedures which were destructive of integrity, and that her sadistic attitude in the home made me intellectually and spiritually and, in the end, physically unfit to do my job in life.

What her complaints against me are, I wouldn't know. They may be



One of those who pay and pay and pay ventures some thoughts on his plight

more numerous and more grievous than my complaints against her. But, whatever they are and however many they are, each is just one more reason why we simply had to separate to save our own souls.

But, as I said in the beginning, all this came to a head a decade before the opportunity came for the final split. By means of long absences and other devices, we had managed to avoid the cat-and-dog life of many loveless couples. There was every reason to believe that our tragic drama could be ended on the same high plane.

I did not ask for a divorce. I simply said that, now that we weren't even to go through the form of living under the same roof, we owed some brief statement of our situation to our close friends, so that they would be spared further embarrassment. With this statement she agreed, and together we framed a little note, to be signed by her, which reflected on neither of us and stated the simple truth: that our separation was by mutual agreement.

In the same spirit of friendliness, we agreed, at her suggestion, that the sending out of the note be delayed until she reached California on what was to be a long winter stay. I too was going to absent myself from town on business, so that the field might be left clear for her announcement.

We parted with a kiss.

A month later I began receiving letters from the people who had received Edna's. Phrases in these letters seemed quite incompatible with the announcement which she had agreed to send out. Finally, one correspondent sent me a copy of the note. It was a blast against me which said that the separation was something I had forced upon her and for which I was wholly to blame.

Well, there wasn't much that could be done to offset what had already been done. Two things were clear, however. If we couldn't conduct our affairs on a decent basis alone, we would have to get somebody to help us, and whatever arrangements we made for the future must be legally binding.

Whereupon I wrote Edna suggesting that we ask our two closest mutual friends, and a third person to be picked by them, to examine our affairs and to outline a program of separation, which we would agree in advance to follow. She refused.

Finally I talked the whole matter over with Bob, a lawyer friend of mine, and he kindly agreed to intervene.

"I am not representing you against Edna," he said. "I couldn't do that, because I have known you both so long. If this thing gets down to a fight between you two, you'll have to get another lawyer. But for both of your sakes I'll do what I can."

Months passed. Bob had done

everything he could to save Edna bother and embarrassment. He had even arranged for me to send him the monthly checks I had been sending her, so that she would not have to deal with me at all. But when he began to talk to her of the advisability of getting our marital affairs on a permanent basis, she froze up and began treating him as cavalierly as she had me.

"I'm sorry, old man, but I've got to throw up the job," he said at last. "I have served notice on Edna, as your attorney, that she should get another lawyer to look out for her interests."

"As my attorney?"

"Of course!" he replied grimly.

WHAT followed beggars printable description. Her lawyer turned out to be one of those divorce "specialists" who make a living setting suffering husbands and wives against each other and digging out of the wage-earning member of the pair as large a settlement as possible for the alimony seeker and as large a fee as possible for himself.

In this gentleman's mind there was no thought of friendly agreement on a formal separation. What we must have was a divorce—and a New York divorce, too, so that there would be no question of legality of the decree. That meant, of course, that I must take on myself the stigma of adultery and run the risk of publicity which might do me irreparable harm in my business—endanger the income on which Edna depended as much as I for our daily bread.

I mentioned this point. But Edna was adamant. So, on the reluctant advice of my lawyer, I agreed to take the rap.

Up to this time I was voluntarily sending Edna the same amount of money which she had been receiving for several years back, in spite of the fact that my own income had dropped drastically. She knew my circumstances. It never occurred to me that she would ask me to strain them still further.

But she did. The time might come, her smooth little lawyer said, when I would make a good deal more money. His client, he insisted, should not be asked to settle on a depression basis. Finally we agreed on a fixed monthly payment, far in excess of what everybody, including Edna's own relatives and close friends, thought I ought to pay.

But we weren't through. Although the amount named was large enough for her to lay up a considerable sum for her old age, I must carry a large insurance, the premiums on which, at my age, increased the alimony burden by approximately fifty per cent.

I took out the insurance with Edna as beneficiary, and sat back to await the beginning of the suit. Weeks passed, then months. Nothing happened. Her own lawyer tried over and over again to get action. Finally, in desperation, he threw up his hands

and said that he too was through with her. She was satisfied with the terms, he said, but since delaying things would probably annoy me, she was determined to delay plenty.

At this point, Bob, my attorney, went to a nationally known lawyer, who had grown famous for his solution of marital tangles, and laid the whole case before him.

"There is only one thing for your client to do," was this lawyer's advice. "Stop her monthly checks until she comes to her senses and does what she has agreed to do."

The third month that the check failed to appear in California, Edna appeared in New York. I went through the form of furnishing her with evidence—and the divorce was granted. On my instructions, Bob immediately handed her the three checks he had withheld. Edna pocketed them and bought herself a summer vacation in Europe.

It took me more than a year to pay up all the needless expenses of that divorce, including, of course, Edna's lawyer's fee. It will take me all the rest of my life, or hers, to earn for her the security which I forfeited for myself by submitting to her demands. And, to top it all, if my earning power declines with the years to the point where I cannot pay her the amounts stated in the contract, she can throw me into jail.

WITHOUT going further into the merits of this particular case, I submit that there must be something screwy about a law which permits such a situation to exist—which makes a certificate of divorce an emancipation proclamation for one person and a badge of slavery for the other.

Meanwhile Edna and I are ridiculous figures; and, of the two, I suppose I am the more ridiculous, for I pay to see the show; she, at least, gets in on a pass. But we are both being heavily penalized for a mistake which we, in common with millions of others, were quite unable to avoid. The punishment, I insist, does not fit the crime.

I am quite aware that Edna's punishment, although different in kind, may be quite as severe in degree. In joining the growing army of ex-wives "on relief," profiteers in unhappiness, alimony parasites, this once proud woman must have lost some item of her self-respect. Edna would hate me even more than she has now come to do if she knew that I pitied her, but I do deeply, when I look around at the something-for-nothing brigade of leeches whose cause she has espoused.

You see them everywhere, but especially in spots denominated as "pleasure resorts." How many of them there are, nobody knows. There has never been a census of parasites. We know, however, that the number has increased tremendously in recent years. Divorces used to increase with prosperity; now they increase even with depression. The reason is not

far to seek. A certain type of woman has discovered that it is easier to do nothing for a living than it is to work for it.

If you don't believe it, look at the figures. Divorces have increased in the United States so that sixteen out of every hundred marriages now end in court. The country is becoming increasingly crowded with women living off men who no longer have the comfort and benefit of their services; and this situation has been brought about by that form of legalized blackmail called alimony.

The majority of these women were divorced at an age when they were quite as able to support themselves as the man was to support them. Many of them never bore a child to their husbands. Most of those who have children do not contribute anything to their support. On the other hand they expect to be paid well for giving them the ordinary maternal care which it is their duty to give. This is a rotten situation, and should be cleared up at once. Even when the woman is elderly and there is no possibility of her supporting herself, I think that the decreasing earning power of the man should be taken into consideration, so that he may not find himself, through no fault of his own, forced to spend the last years of his life in an alimony jail.

But the number of divorces among very old people, or even moderately old people, is comparatively small. Half of the divorces in this country happen in the first seven years of married life. The average young divorcee is childless and has been married less than three years. She was, according to Marriage Bureau statistics, twenty-three years old when she married, as against twenty-six years for her husband. That makes her twenty-six at the time of her divorce, as against twenty-nine for him. In short, they are both of employable age, with the advantage, if any, with the woman.

MANY of these young divorced women earned their own living before marriage. If they didn't, it was because they had families who supported them. In most cases these families would still support them, or at least stake them while they were being trained to support themselves.

The fact that they have been married does not count against them in getting a job. The married woman is an accepted factor in modern business. The number of such women who work is now conservatively estimated at 5,000,000, or half of all the women gainfully employed.

So, however you look at her, the young divorcee has no right to consider herself either a public or a private charge. By no stretch of either imagination or chivalry is she entitled to support from her former husband for the rest of her days.

Whatever way you look at it, the whole alimony situation is, as I said in the beginning, screwy!

THE END

1940's football winners!

Who will they be? Here's

Liberty's annual forecast

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IN Liberty last year we named Tennessee and the University of Southern California as the two teams that would play in the Rose Bowl and called it a U. S. C. victory before the game was even scheduled. Before this medium applies his clairvoyant powers to 1940's football outlook, let us first review the changes.

There will be more intersectional games played this year than ever before. Scheduling more intersectional contests forces the schools to reduce



PIGSKIN

BY NORMAN L. SPER

PROPHECIES

the number of weak-sister breather games, giving the fans a better grade of competition.

One of the few major schools in the nation to remain out of scheduled intersectional rivalry is Tennessee. At no time during the season is stiff competition met on successive Saturdays. For that reason Tennessee has a better opportunity to sail through its program without a defeat than any major team in the United States.

Winning of ten scheduled games will not bring Tennessee an invitation to return to the Rose Bowl, because there will be other teams that will rank higher, maybe not in games won, but in class of opponents and strength of material.

The Volunteers' line this year will have more experience than the 1939 edition. Finding a capable quarterback to fill Cafego's shoes and a center strong enough to replace Rike may be a problem.

Like Tennessee, Tulane will retain its share of the championship by winning all conference contests but not all its scheduled affairs. To replace All-America tackle McCollum, who is lost because of scholastic difficulties, and to assemble a playable backfield will handicap the Green Wave in early games. As Auburn is the only conference team they meet before November 9, they should get by the Auburn Tigers and be strong enough in the latter part of the season to take Alabama, Georgia, and Louisiana State, their other three conference games.

Alabama needs an experienced backfield combination, some strong

tackles and center replacements, as well as a capable kicker and passer.

Duke University will win the Southern Conference championship.

The Blue Devils will not field a team as strong as last year's. They must develop capable guards and ends as well as a breakaway runner to take the place of the regulars they lost. North Carolina and Clemson also will not have the offensive strength of their 1939 squads. The dark-horse team of that league is William and Mary.

The University of Southern California will be a strong contender in 1940, but the Pacific Coast title and the right to represent the West in the Rose Bowl will go to the University of Washington.

Virtually the whole 1939 team returns to the Seattle institution, with two strong experienced lines and a powerful first-string backfield combination that has no equal on the Pacific Coast.

With seven of U. S. C.'s first team gone, Coach Howard Jones still has

his share of fine football players left. The need for experienced reserves is Jones' big problem, particularly at the blocking back position, at end (if Stonebreaker does not return), and at tackle.

Oregon State will give the leaders plenty of trouble, but they must first find themselves a good center and capable reserves. Although U. C. L. A. has lost Kenny Washington, they still have another ace in Jackie Robinson that will make them a tough team to beat.

This brings us to the Southwest Conference and the Texas A. & M. team, the strongest major defensive squad of the 1939 season. The 1939 facts and figures revealed that Texas A. & M.'s opponents threw 175 passes against them and could gain only 347 yards, and by rushing could gain only an average of one and a half yards a try, or a total net gain of 412 yards. Offensively this same team averaged 252 yards in every game they played. They not only outscored every team they met but they outgained them in yardage as well. They are returning this year with virtually the same team. Only two of their 1939 regulars, left-tackle Boyd and left-end Smith, have played out their eligibility. Price, a quarterback, who is also lost, started most of the Aggies' games but did not play as many minutes as Pugh, his substitute. All this to tell you that Texas A. & M. has the nation's number one team.

FIRST TEN TEAMS

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Texas A. & M. | 6. Fordham |
| 2. Cornell | 7. Ohio State |
| 3. Washington | 8. Duke |
| 4. Michigan | 9. S. Methodist |
| 5. Tennessee | 10. S. California |

Southern Methodist ranks almost as high as the Texas Aggies in backfield material. In the line the A. & M. team shows to better advantage. S. M. U. needs capable tackles and center reserves and improvement on end sweeps before they can take the champions. Baylor and Texas will finish right behind the two leaders.

More teams will play tough opposition Saturday after Saturday without a rest or breather game this season than ever before in the history of the sport. Northwestern, U. C. L. A., Cornell, Indiana, Michigan State, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Yale, and others must take their football the hard way week after week.

Of this group Cornell has the playing material to withstand all their enemies' attacks. That material rates right behind the Texas A. & M. team. Right half Baker is the only 1939 regular gone. The return of the ten regulars and the return of Eichler, the 1938 fullback, who was out of last year's play because of injuries, give the big red horde a stronger and more experienced team than last year. Ohio State is the one team that will give them the most trouble. But Ohio State must get by Minnesota without injuries to their first-string guards, ends, center, and halfbacks

before they are a threat to Cornell.

Behind Cornell, the top Eastern teams are Fordham and Boston College. A competent left end, as well as an experienced fullback to take Principe's place, is Fordham's problem. Fordham plays Tulane and so does Boston College. Both games are early in the season. Fordham will beat Tulane, but the Green Wave will take Boston College.

Pennsylvania and Princeton are also in the Eastern picture. Penn State, from tackle to tackle, has some outstanding players. If good ends can be developed the Nittany Lions are due for a better year than 1939.

The battle for the Big Ten title will not be decided until the final Saturday of their season. That's the day the University of Michigan and the Ohio State University teams meet. Both schools have fine backfield men.

The Wolverines are kind of short at left half. Ohio State finds itself in the same predicament at right half. Ohio State's backfield is as potent as Michigan's. In the line, Ohio State has the better tackles, Michigan the advantage at guards and ends, with both teams' center their weakest line position. Michigan sophomores give them an advantage just big enough to win the Big Ten championship.

The development of Minnesota's reserves is the key to their 1940 campaign. They must also improve their end play and find a heady quarterback. The Gophers are rated third behind Michigan and Ohio State.

Notre Dame must find eight new regulars, not an easy assignment.

With two teams of almost equal strength, Nebraska will play the lead in the Big Six Conference play. Its defense against passes and passing game must improve if it is to stay among the ten best teams.

Graduation has played havoc with Missouri and Oklahoma's regulars. Missouri must replace seven first-stringers, while Oklahoma has only two first-team players returning.

Oklahoma A. & M., Creighton, Drake, and Tulsa will fight it out for title honors in the Missouri Valley Conference with Oklahoma A. & M. edging out the other three teams.

The University of Colorado has material good enough to win the Big Seven championship in the Rocky Mountain area. Utah, Brigham Young, and Denver will make the Buffaloes realize that they must earn that championship the hard way.

After using the boiling-down process on other teams in the United States, here is what we find:

TEAM	STRENGTH	WEAKNESS	TEAM	STRENGTH	WEAKNESS
Arkansas	Right guard, ends	Offense, backfield inexperience	Mississippi	Passing, left halfback	Center, ends, quarterback, punting
Army	Kicking, passing, left halfback	Defense, right halfback, tackles, reserves	Miss. State	Left side of line, offense, left halfback	Fullback, pass defense, right halfback
Auburn	Left half, kicking, center	Running defense, reserves	Missouri	Passing, backfield	Line, ends very green
Boston U.	Improvement over 1939	Tackle, center, reserves, left backs	Montana	Backfield little better than 1939	Center, inadequate reserves
Brown	Fullback, left tackle, run attack	Reserves, guards, ends, passing	Navy	Fullback, center	Ground defense, quarterback, reserves
Bucknell	Left guard, quarterback	Passing, tackles, reserves	N. Y. U.	Tackles, fullback	Running game, pass defense
California	Center, ends	Pass defense, right tackle, "scat" back	N. C. State	Switching players in line	General defense
Carnegie Tech.	Ground game, guards	Pass and pass defense, center, reserves	Northwestern	Backfield better co-ordinated	Need left-tackle help, center, guards
Centenary	Better reserves than 1939	Ground game, defense, center	Okla. A. & M.	Frosh prospects will help	Punting, fullback and guard reserves
Colgate	Right end, fullback, right tackle, center	Pass defense, inexperienced backs, guards	Oregon State	Backfield, running game, right guard	Left guard, center, pass defense
Colo. State	More experienced than 1939	Reserves, field generalship	Pittsburgh	Left side of line	Left halfback, punting, reserves
Columbia	Center, left side of line	Defense, passing, right end and guard	Purdue	Left end outstanding. (Building for 1941)	Reserves green, punting, quarterback
Dartmouth	Left side of line, frosh prospects	Halfbacks, line reserves, pass defense	Rice	Right guard, center. (New coach)	Inexperienced quarterback, line reserves
Detroit	Passing, frosh prospects	Tackle, center, right halfback, reserves	San Francisco	Heavy, balanced team. (Lost two regulars)	Guards and left end reserves
Duquesne	Halfbacks, center	Tackle and guard reserves, pass defense	Santa Clara	Halfbacks (lost eight starters)	Tackles, fullback, center, ends
Florida	(New coach.) Pass defense	Backfield speed and power, passing	Sewanee	(Larger squad than usual)	Defense, backs very light
G. Washington	Frosh prospects, defense	Tackles, left end	St. Mary's	(New coach.) Good frosh prospects	Pass defense, center, ends
Georgia	Punting (short spring practice)	Speed in line, right halfback, fullback	South Carolina	Seventeen letter men returning	Reserves not deep, passing, defense
Georgia Tech.	Punting, passing, guards, left half	Reserves, pass defense	Stanford	(New coach.) Fullback stand-out	Pass defense
Gonzaga	Fullback, left halfback	Right halfback, quarterback, tackle reserves	Syracuse	Center, backfield speed	Line offense, line reserves, passing
Harvard	Tailback, wingback, pass defense	Blocking back, "scat" runner	Temple	(New coach.) Punting	Ends, quarterback, left tackle
Holy Cross	Right tackle, strong backfield	Ends, left guard and line reserves	Texas Chris.	More backfield speed than 1939	Running game, switching players
Idaho	Tackles (switching center to guard)	Inexperience, guards, quarterback	Texas Tech.	Offense, pass defense, punting	Field generalship, guards, center
Illinois	Punting, field generalship	Center, left tackles, reserves	Utah State	Center, left guard	Ends, line can use more weight
Indiana	Passing (lost only one regular)	Need ground-game improvement	Vanderbilt	Tackles, guards, fullback	Backfield needs experience
Iowa	Tackles, center	Punting, passing, ends, left halfback	Villanova	Expect to play many sophs	Center, ends, left tackle
Iowa State	Guards, fullback	Scoring ability, defense	Virginia	Eight regulars returning, should improve	Backfield reserves
Kansas	Passing, pass receivers	Ground defense, ends, quarterback	V. M. I.	Punting, tackles, quarterback	Defensive center, end reserves
Kansas State	(New coach.) Heavy line (building)	Pass defense, inexperienced reserves	Virginia Tech.	Better reserves than 1939	Inexperienced tackles and quarterback
Kentucky	Tackles, guards	Pass defense, right end, quarterback	Wake Forest	Fullback, quarterback, strong ground game	Passing, tackles
Lafayette	(Lost eight starters)	Guards, center, quarterback and reserves	Wash. (Mo.)	Twenty-eight letter men returning	Pass defense, reserves, left guard
Lehigh	(Lost seven starters)	Fumbling, inexperienced backs	Wash. and Lee	Ends, 1939 backfield intact	Tackles, pass defense
L. S. U.	Punting, passing, left guard	Defense, inexperienced reserves	Wash. State	Punting, general improvement (Building for 1941)	Tackles, defensive play
Marquette	Center, ends, frosh line prospects	Punting, tackle reserves	West Virginia	Guards best line position, fullback	Halfbacks light, center
Maryland	(New coaching group)	End play, frosh prospects weak	Wisconsin	(New coach)	Scholastic ax hurt, tackles
Michigan State	Ends, center (undefeated frosh)	Inexperienced tackle reserves	Wyoming		Center, reserve guards and tackles
			Yale	Guards, left tackle, right end, quarterback	Center, fullback, inexperienced reserves

THE END

A STORY OF THE INVASION OF AMERICA



Nazi war comes to New York! New thrills in a startling novel of 1945

"This is it," said Norton. "Must be hundreds of them."

Lightning in the night

BY FRED ALLHOFF

with the advice and counsel of Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard, Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, George E. Sokolsky, and many others

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

A synopsis of preceding chapters will be found on page 50

PART SIX—MADNESS OVER MANHATTAN

NORTON and Jock Rodgers, his cameraman, had left the Seattle refugee line at North Bend, Washington, where they had man-

aged to obtain plane passage to Olympia. Meanwhile, young Rodgers had taken many feet of film of the slow-moving procession of refugees headed inland.

Admiral O'Shane in his instructions had been brief. Norton was to observe American morale and to supervise the photographing of such phases of America's invasion as he

himself might decide upon. The sweeping latitude of his roving commission, Norton realized, implied much more than those instructions conveyed. His job was to make such use of the wide authority given him as would best serve the interests of his country.

Photography had played a strategic role in the Nazi war in Europe.

Away back in 1939-40, the documentary pictures taken by Hitler's cameramen of the conquest of Poland had been helpful in destroying the morale of the Low Countries and in speeding their subsequent downfall.

Norton had concentrated on photographs of individuals in the refugee line because such lines were usually joined by fifth columnists intent on playing upon the terror of confused people fleeing from their homes.

Further, both the Army and Navy commands were relying upon pictures taken by agents of their Intelligence sections, working closely together, to bring to the American people a realization that their country was plunged into a last-ditch fight for existence. Even now, the broadcasts and the newspaper stories had not thoroughly accomplished that. The news that the Red troops of Stalin and the fanatical yellow hordes of the Mikado had actually occupied an American city had, of course, been a shock to the entire nation. But, in vast America, Seattle still seemed as remote to many inland residents as had Alaska, Hawaii, and the Canal Zone. People were disturbed. But too many of them were not, even yet, quite *aware*. Full realization, with awakening of the martial spirit, the *will to fight*, came slowly in a democracy that had no designs upon other peoples, had only the tenacious wish to live in peace.

On both coasts, where radio stations now often went off the air during hours of darkness lest they guide enemy air raiders to their cities, citizens seeking news set their dials for large interior stations.

EAST coast residents, from Boston to Miami, quietly accepted it as a foregone conclusion that Hitler would immediately launch his attack upon the United States.

Men and women who as late as 1940 had scoffed at the possibility of any such invasion now resignedly asked each other *how* and *where* it would get under way.

In New York's Times Square huge crowds gathered to watch the electric news bulletin until, following an order by the Police Commissioner, the sign was disconnected. Officers of Boards of Disaster Control in every east coast city interrupted local radio broadcasts to ask that citizens go quietly about their usual affairs, avoid congregating in the streets, refuse to listen to rumors, and wait quietly in their homes for real news which would come to them in their newspapers or by radio from Washington.

In Olympia, Washington, Lieutenant Norton and Jock Rodgers talked to an American pilot of a dive-bombing plane who had been sent up to the front from North Island. They sat in a restaurant, and the young pilot ordered food, then pushed it from him.

"Stomach's gone into a tail spin," he explained. "I was up five times yesterday. You do enough six-G pull-

outs and you begin forcing the digestive juices through the stomach wall or you black out or get nitrogen bubbles into your spinal fluid and begin turning slap-happy.

"So far, they've run rings around us in the air. We've got better planes and pilots. We've got inland factories that they can't reach with bombs and we've stepped up our assembly lines. Given time, we can match them plane for plane—and that's what we're going to have to do. But not if they knock us out of the air the way they have been doing.

"We can afford to lose first-line planes. We can't afford to lose first-line pilots. When we begin drawing

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Peggy O'Liam and Lieutenant Doug Norton were flown homeward from Honolulu in a navy sub-stratosphere plane. Japanese fighter planes shot holes in its airtight cabin, but a power dive saved it and American planes from the coast drove off the Japs. Arriving at San Francisco, the two reported to Rear Admiral O'Shane, the naval district's commandant, who told them that Hitler had in the Atlantic a record concentration of aircraft and warships, and that nothing could be done about it until the American commands knew where on the east coast he meant to strike. Meanwhile, there was the west coast to be defended against Japan and Russia, whose forces had already occupied Alaska. With invasion imminent, O'Shane—son of a dauntless pioneer from Ireland—trusted that his fellow Americans, however softened nowadays, could still remember "to spit on their hands."

He gave Norton a roving assignment: to go with a cameraman wherever invasion might come, observe American morale, and get pictures for use in arousing the whole nation. He demanded, with sea-dog gruffness, to know why Norton didn't marry Peggy, who obviously was lingering in San Francisco as long as he was there simply because she loved him. To Norton's delight, this proved to be true—but before the two could marry, he and his cameraman, Rodgers, were sped to Seattle.

The brief tragic siege of that city began at dawn on August 18, 1945. Forty-eight hours later, American and Canadian defenses round about Vancouver Island and Puget Sound had been overwhelmed by Japanese and Russian numerical superiority and systematized strategy, and Seattle had fallen. Norton and Rodgers joined the refugees hurrying inland. The indomitable American spirit expressed by one young fellow who was badly wounded inspired Norton to telegraph to O'Shane that "out this way they still spit on their hands."

on pilot reserves our casualties will be even worse."

"Lack of training?" Norton asked.

"Partly. The rest of it's psychological. A pilot is more than a man who can fly and fight. He has to keep his head on afterwards. I've seen pilots come through the hottest dog-fights possible, fly home, and then, over their own fields, go completely haywire and crash.

"But the big reason why our casualties have been so heavy is simply that we haven't got a unified command, a top man who can direct the whole shebang—air, land, and naval

activities. If we're to win this war, we'll need perfect co-ordination of all three arms.

"Germany had learned that six years ago. She licked Europe by building a huge air fleet, making it a separate force on a par with her army and navy, and placing it where it belonged—in the hands of men who were themselves flyers.

"Let the Navy have all the planes it needs. They've done good work. Lord, our own Navy invented dive-bombing! Let 'em have all the carriers and equipment they want for ocean fighting. But give us a separate air force able to co-ordinate with both land and sea fighters, headed by a man who won't let the enemy spread our defenses thin every time some politician lets out a yodel! Then we'll show you something."

The argument, Norton realized, had inescapable logic. Five years before, when France had been crumbling, troops as well as high officials had shouted pathetically, "For God's sake, send us planes!" Yet, despite the fact that the conquest of Europe had shown unmistakably that mastery of the air over a theater of operations was vital in the new modern warfare, the United States had stubbornly rejected the idea of a separate air force.

THE invasion of Seattle proved the one thing needed to pound home to the public a realization of this weakest link in America's defense chain. Long-standing opposition was crushed, and a bill calling for creation of a Department of Defense, with separate Bureaus of Air, War, and Navy, headed by a Commissioner of War, was passed by Congress.

America faced on two coasts a war she did not want. Against the coming of this day she had, since 1940, been making feverish preparations. Those preparations, incredibly costly, had dislocated the whole economic pattern of American life. Every citizen in the country had been affected. Rearmament costs had shot the national debt up to a staggering \$75,000,000,000. Taxes consumed 40 per cent of the wages of each earner. Defense Bonds, maturing in fifty years and paying one per cent interest, were a required purchase by any one possessing more than \$1,000 in savings.

The gold standard had disappeared, and the yellow metal, except for use by jewelers and dentists, had little value. The underground gold repository at Fort Knox, Kentucky, was used for the safekeeping of more precious things such as quinine and antimony, which, along with chromium, manganese, Manila fiber, nickel, and tin, constituted stock piles of strategic materials not produced at home in the quantities that wartime demanded.

Rubber and silk were being produced synthetically. Gasoline for civilian use was being rationed. The value of the dollar in America was maintained by government fiat.

In Europe, since 1941, labor had been paid for with commodity cards, and manufactured goods had been exchanged for food and raw materials under a barter system against which many American firms had found themselves unable to compete.

Despite this quiet, exhausting, deadly economic warfare, America had not collapsed—as both Hitler and Stalin had freely predicted it would.

America made its sacrifices willingly; talked of them, characteristically, as the price of peace.

And then, in the Pacific Northwest, came the incident that was to rouse seething rage, unify America, give it a will to fight, and wipe out the last of the habitual bickerings of a democratic people.

That incident was the capture of Tacoma.

After the bombardment and shelling of Seattle, the Red and Japanese armies, under command of fierce, vodka-guzzling Field Marshal Budenny, disembarked. Field guns, light and heavy mobile artillery, tanks, tractors, motorized units—all the equipment of modern mechanized warfare on land—were unloaded and assembled.

Before the invading armies began their push southward, American troops of the Fourth Army from seventeen states began to assemble to meet them. Three regiments of Ninth Corps troops, including a mechanized battalion, crept up from the south over highways and railroads blasted by the invaders' bombing planes. They were to try to hold or slow the enemy while the Fourth Army assembled. They never made contact. Japanese planes came upon their column as it halted for engineers to repair a bridge, and blew the soldiers and their equipment to bits.

Four hours before the invading armies started to roll south toward Tacoma, a six-wheeled staff car, driven by a Japanese soldier whose uniform bore the three stars of a sergeant, roared from Seattle toward Tacoma. Mounted on the car was a white flag of truce. A gray-haired Japanese general bore with him orders and instructions for the immediate evacuation of Tacoma and the announcement that it would be occupied within four hours by an advance force of the Japanese and Red armies. Ten miles out of Tacoma the car in which he was riding struck a land mine and, with its occupants, was blown to bits. A great concentration of Japanese and Russian planes flying close to Tacoma destroyed all scouting forces sent out to reconnoiter, and word of the enemy's approach was not received until they were within half an hour's distance of the city.

At a hospital in Olympia a white-faced priest from Tacoma told Lieutenant Norton and Jock Rodgers of what had followed.

"It was ghastly," he said. "The enemy evidently believed that we had chosen to fight a hopeless battle rather than to withdraw. They began to shell the city, and civilians who had not had a chance to get out were killed by hundreds in the streets.

"Our soldiers, a mere handful, fought bravely, but the odds were overwhelming. The Russian and Japanese soldiers streamed into the city and the next hour was a bloody melee of street fighting. In the confusion, every person seen running was shot down. A number of our men, cornered on the Municipal Port Terminal piers, were machine-gunned and then pushed off into the waters of Commencement Bay.

"I don't know how long the fighting went on. For several hours at least. The hospitals were in flames, and I persuaded the Russian commander to permit me to bring some of the wounded civilians here to Olympia with me."

Norton said, "Father, I want to see and talk to and photograph those wounded."

The priest nodded and led the way. In a hospital ward room, accompanied by a doctor and nurse, Jock Rodgers took pictures of the victims while the priest—Father Bernard Schultz—explained their cases.

There was a dying girl of twenty who had been struck by shrapnel and building splinters during the shelling. There was a man whose arms had been burned to the elbow by an incendiary bomb hit that had trapped him

Well-Groomed Hair Marks the Man Who's "Going Places"!



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1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation of the scalp quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!



2 10 Seconds to Comb—Your hair has a natural lustre—but no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Keep your hair healthy, handsome . . . help prevent excessive falling hair this easy, effective way!

PERSONALITY—alertness—brains . . . they belong on any list of essentials for success. But *appearance* pays dividends, too—with special emphasis on neat, handsome hair. That's why so many up-and-coming men use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"!

Start with Vitalis today. Massage it briskly on your scalp. You'll notice a lively tingle as circulation is aroused. Your scalp soon becomes more supple. And the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis overcome dryness by supplementing the natural oils of the scalp.

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You'll like the new, improved Vitalis bottle! The same generous quantity of genuine Vitalis. Handier to grip and use. Fits more easily into the average medicine cabinet.

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

in the top-floor room of a wooden building. There was a young National Guardsman whose neck had been torn open by a bayonet slash.

But the picture that was to arouse the nation was one taken that day by Rodgers of little Dickie Roberts, a seven-year-old boy.

"His father and mother," Father Schultz said, "were killed by a shell that ripped the roof off their house. Miraculously, this little fellow was not seriously hurt. He stayed in the house with his dead parents all day. At night he crept out to ask for food. His mistake was to tug at the sleeve of one of the enemy sentries and speak to him in English. The sentry whirled and lashed out with his gun butt. He nearly crushed the youngster's skull."

That night Lieutenant Norton reported by telephone to Admiral O'Shane, who told him that he and Rodgers were to board a navy plane which would leave San Francisco shortly for Olympia, and would pick them up and fly them, and their films and reports, to Washington, D. C.

At the Winthrop Hotel in Olympia, young Rodgers, his lean face ashen, his hands clenching and unclenching, paced the room where Norton was eating dinner. Norton said:

"I know how you feel, Jock. You want to shoot a gun instead of a camera. You'll have to try to forget it. Sit down and eat something."

"Couldn't," growled Rodgers. "Lord, I've been around! I don't know why I should go soft now, but—but—accident or no accident, when a hungry kid gets it like that. . . . You don't drink, do you?"

Norton shook his head.

"Good," said Rodgers. "One of us has to stay sober. And, Doug, you're going to have to pour me on that plane tonight."

IN Washington's Navy Building, the pictures taken by Jock Rodgers and Lieutenant Norton were run off late the next day before an audience which included some of the crack Navy and Intelligence officers of the United States.

As the film showing the Seattle refugees fleeing their city was shown, several voices in the audience shouted simultaneously to the projectionist:

"Hold it!"

The film, halted, showed a group of men and women on a horse-driven cart. The driver of that cart, attired in overalls, had now been recognized as a German spy named Heinrich Grubel. Norton did not know the man, but an F. B. I. agent sitting beside him explained:

"He's one of the old-timers. Worked with Baron von Holtz over here during the first World War. Was mixed up in the Black Tom explosion, although we could never nail him on it."

Intelligence officers in the Seattle territory were immediately notified. Armed with a description of their man, they located Grubel quickly and learned that he had been diligently

spreading defeatism during the Seattle evacuation. Two days later he was executed.

The pictures of the victims wounded during the capture of Seattle were promptly released to newspapers and motion-picture houses. They were frankly propaganda—but they were truthful. The picture of little Dickie Roberts, his head swathed in bandages, had throughout the length and breadth of the United States the same effect it had had upon young Jock Rodgers.

And the people of America woke up suddenly to the stern fact that it was not enough to love their country or to give willingly of their time and money for its defense. Physical individual participation in defense—with all the dangers and hardships it implied—became their job.

Enlistment bureaus found themselves swamped. Grizzled applicants demanded that the age bars be let down. It took patience and time to explain to them that they could best serve in the more quiet posts, away from the front, to which they had been assigned by local home defense units whose job it was to guard factories, railroad yards, and munitions plants against sabotage.

THE peacetime conscription bill passed in 1940 had given military training to hundreds of thousands of American youths. As the inevitability of war had become apparent, more and more thousands of civilians had received military training. America had two million men already under arms and another trained million of reservists on hand.

In the next week the Red and Japanese armies were to suffer terrific casualties in the Northwest. In the State of Washington, farmers who had escaped in refugee lines stopped only long enough to get arms and ammunition before circling back toward the enemy columns. Their aptitude at hunting, plus the training they had received under the Burke-Wadsworth Peacetime Conscription Act, stood them now in good stead. Hidden in the woods, they sniped enemy patrols. Once a group of three men carrying light machine guns almost succeeded in cutting the enemy communication lines outside Kent in a nighttime raid that was to become known later as the Second White River Massacre. Detachments of Red and Japanese troops sent into the woods to wipe out these snipers were separated by their hidden foes and then coolly picked off one by one.

In the nation's capital, Lieutenant Norton, awaiting further instructions, was handed a letter. His heart jumped at the postmark—Baltimore! He tore the letter open. It began simply: "Darling—"

Peggy O'Liam was in Baltimore at the home of her sister. She was safe and well. There had been air raids on the city by Nazi bombers, but they had been of slight consequence. She was busy. As soon as she had attended to a number of things (she

did not specify what they were) she intended to go with her sister and her sister's child to their father's home in Illinois.

"Everywhere here in the East," she wrote, "people are asking two things: 'When will Hitler attack?' and 'How soon can Admiral Sterrett get the fleet back into the Atlantic?' I am afraid the answer to the first is, 'Very soon,' and to the second, 'Not for many days, if ever.' I do hope Uncle Burt will manage it."

He read the closing line of her letter many times:

"I miss you terribly, my dear, and if God listens to the prayers of a red-haired and rather frightened girl, He'll watch over you for me."

Desperately Norton hoped that he might next be assigned to Baltimore. He was not. He and Jock Rodgers were sent to New York City.

The great metropolis had undergone many changes since wartime defense measures had been put into effect. Around its towering skyscrapers now floated a cordon of thousands of barrage balloons, sausage-shaped gas bags on steel-wire mooring cables that curved down from them in 3,500-foot arcs.

As they strolled about the city, Rodgers, a native New Yorker, asked, "Ever been here before?"

"Six years ago," Norton said.

"I never expected to see those things around the Big Town! They're a good defense, though. Better than England's balloons. We've got the only helium there is to be had, so they can't be set ablaze with tracer bullets. They're hard to knock down, and while they won't prevent bombing of New York, they will keep most of the low-flying bombers from coming down on us."

WE'VE developed another protection, too. It's messy but good. Before the war, every building superintendent used to consider the city inspectors, who came around to tell him that his heating plant or incinerator was throwing out too much smoke, an unmitigated nuisance. Now those same building inspectors, coached by our Chemical Warfare Service, have come around to give the same building supers chemicals and instructions for making smoke and artificial fog. When there's a raid, we can blanket most of the city with the stuff."

They walked up Broadway, and Norton noticed that all the shop windows were either boarded up or heavily taped against bomb explosions. He noticed, too, that America had called up her man power fast. Buses and surface lines were now operated, for the most part, by gray-haired men or young women, easily recruited from the vast numbers who had found themselves unemployed when department stores and business firms had felt the pinch of war. This city where hacking had been a major industry now boasted but a dribble of its thousands of taxicabs. Gasoline

rationing had forced most of them off the streets, and most of those left were driven by women.

The statue of Columbus had been dismantled and removed from Columbus Circle. Entering Central Park there, Norton noticed that New Yorkers, as always, sat in the sun on benches. Most of the women were knitting—a carry-over from the war of 1914-18. And then a strange incongruity struck him. In their entire walk he had seen not a single baby carriage.

New York was a city without children! When he spoke of it, Rodgers nodded.

"Yes," he said, "the kids have all been evacuated along with the mothers of babies a year old or less. The crippled and blind have been moved to reception areas, too. Mostly to the Catskills or the Adirondacks. Wherever possible, to the homes of relatives living far inland. A few to Long Island, though that's considered only moderately safe. My parents have a place up in the Adirondacks. I got them to go up there."

"Evacuation of the youngsters was a tremendous job. The New York Central had to make up a set of train schedules that had two hundred pages. But they got them out of the city in three days."

New York seemed strangely calm and sobered. Men and women alike carried little boxes with shoulder straps containing gas mask and canister. Many men and women carried canes. "They use them at night during the blackouts," Rodgers said. "If you tap as you walk, you're less likely to have a collision."

CENTRAL PARK proved a beehive of activity. Elderly men and young boys and even a few women were digging trench shelters. The shelters, six feet wide by seven deep, had wooden floors and corrugated-iron roofs, dirt-covered. Flower beds and stretches of green grass had been dug up to provide miles of shelters which, while of little value against a direct bomb hit, might mean the difference between life and death when fragments from near-by explosions began to fly.

Cleopatra's Needle, the Egyptian obelisk in the park behind the Metropolitan Museum of Art, had been completely covered with piles of sandbags. Most of the art treasures in the museum itself, Rodgers said, had been moved to the City Art Museum of St. Louis.

"New York's taking a lot of precautions," he said. "Has to. When London was bombed, the English usually had about ten minutes to get to their shelters. We may not have that much time, since the planes will come in from the ocean, where it's difficult to spot sound locaters. And since this is a city of cliff dwellers—apartment dwellers—the average citizen can't buy himself a steel bomb-proof shelter and park it in his back yard. He hasn't a yard."

"On the other hand, our steel-

frame building construction is excellent. A twelve-hundred-pound bomb might crash through five or six stories of an apartment building on a direct hit, and might gut those top stories. But it wouldn't topple over the whole building—and it would take weeks of constant hammering to reduce our skyscrapers to rubble.

"The tenements and some of the old three- and four-story brownstone houses are in a bad way, though. Hit by incendiaries, they'd be certain fire traps. Nothing much can be done about that."

The two registered late that afternoon at a hotel in the West Forties. On the inside of the room door was a sign:

TO OUR GUESTS:

This hotel possesses a shelter offering the utmost in safety. Your hotel operator will notify you immediately by telephone in the event of an air-raid warning. Trained floor attendants will direct you to the shelter. Do not run, but follow instructions quickly and quietly. Do not remain in your room and do not go near windows. The shelter, located beneath the ground-level Arcadia Room, is protected by sandbags, jacks, 10,000 feet of steel tubing and oak beams.

Newspapers, magazines, bridge tables, radios, food, and liquor are available in the shelter.

Rodgers, grinning, spoke over Norton's shoulder:

"Tsk, tsk! No floor show?"

Dinner in the hotel's Arcadia Room that night was by candlelight. The dining-room windows were sealed with heavy black shutters, and since air conditioning had become a forbidden luxury, it was stuffily hot.

New Yorkers, who in prewar days had fretted over inability to find among twenty or more entrees something to capture their fancy, now made a choice from among five. Only one of the five was meat. Food rationing had begun.

"We're beginning to learn to eat fish—and like it," Rodgers pointed out. "Feeding more than eight million people is a job, and before this war is over the Nazis will be blasting away at our fishing fleets. Some general—I think it was Mannerheim—once said, 'Hit 'em in the belly.' Here in New York we're wide open for that kind of punch. I read somewhere that it takes eleven billion pounds of food a year to feed us. Lot of it comes from as far away as California. And it comes in, most of it, on thirteen railroads—more of it than ever, now that Hitler's out there off the coast and our shipping's unprotected."

"Right now the army has its hands full finding enough trains to move troops and supplies around. What would happen if Hitler bombed those thirteen railroads? Can you imagine a Park Avenue dowager fighting her way to a garbage can to rummage for something to eat? That isn't as goofy as it sounds."

URGENT MESSAGE!

to you women
who suffer female complaints
DUE TO FUNCTIONAL CAUSE

Read Every Word!

Few girls and women today are free from some sign of functional trouble. Maybe you've noticed YOURSELF getting restless, moody, nervous lately—your work too much for you—

Then why not try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help quiet weary, hysterical nerves, relieve monthly pain (cramps, backache, headache) and weak dizzy spells due to functional disorders.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS HELPED

For over 60 years Pinkham's Compound has helped hundreds of thousands of weak, rundown, nervous "ailing" women to go

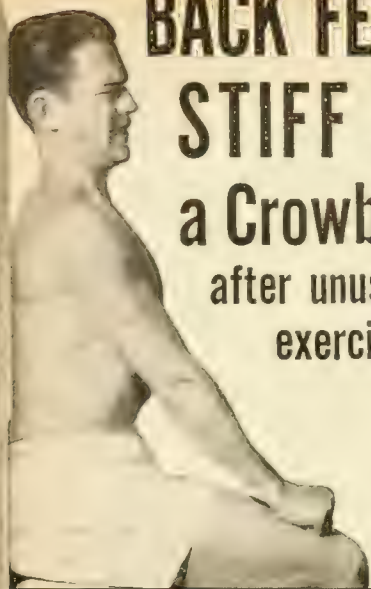


smiling thru "difficult days."

Made especially for women from nature's own wholesome roots and herbs—Pinkham's Compound also contains a special ingredient which a leading medical authority says is most essential for good health. WORTH TRYING!

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

BACK FEEL STIFF as a Crowbar after unusual exercise?



Feel better QUICK! Help Nature drive out **FATIGUE ACID!**

Those aches and pains you feel after heavy exercise may come from fatigue acids in your muscles. Actually they make your muscles swell inside their sheaths causing soreness and stiffness.

For quick relief rub Absorbine Jr. into the sore places. This fine old product gets to work at once. By stimulating circulation, it speeds a flow of fresh blood through the tissues to carry off those acids. Pain lets up, swelling goes down. Millions rely on Absorbine Jr. because it is:

1. QUICK ACTING 3. PLEASANT
2. QUICK DRYING 4. ECONOMICAL TO USE

At all druggists, \$1.25 a bottle. Free sample—Write W. F. Young, Inc., 360 W Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.

FAMOUS also for Relieving Athlete's Foot,
Strains, Bruises

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out
of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

Lighter Complexion by using Mercolized Wax Cream



A simple way to remove the dull, drabness of your complexion and reveal the lighter, lovelier skin tones. Just use Mercolized Wax Cream as directed. Its active ingredients help to flake off the older, darkened surface skin in minute, almost invisible particles, revealing the fairer, younger-looking underskin. **SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT** tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Saxolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use this tingling face lotion daily. **PHELACTINE DEPILETORY** removes superfluous facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.

"Then there's water and power. If a few central power plants were hit by bombs—they're pretty closely guarded these days against sabotage—the whole life of this city would be disrupted. Lights would go out, subways and elevators would stop. There'd be the darnedest confusion you ever saw.

"As for water, there are only two great carriers for New York City. Not much danger of their being hit, I suppose, since they're tunnels two hundred feet underground. But if anything happened to them and if power were knocked out, this city—the biggest thing man ever built—would be a howling bedlam cluttered with corpses before we could even begin to evacuate the people.

"New York! Turned into a cross between a madhouse and a ghost town in three days! That's what authorities fear most, I believe. And it could happen."

"Has there been much bombing?" Norton asked.

Rodgers shook his head over a cup of synthetic coffee.

"Not much. Mostly piers in the North River and a few tries—that missed—at the Jersey railroad yards and gas tanks. A bomb fell close to the Aquarium and the concussion shattered a lot of the glass tanks and dumped fish all over the place. The piers, of course, are an easy target if there's any moonlight. All the pilots have to do is follow the reflection from the river waters.

"We've been able to drive most of them off. Needless to say, we're being kept guessing. One of these nights Hitler's going to hit somewhere—and hit hard, in an all-out raid."

THEY left the hotel for a breath of air that hot August night. By comparison with even the dimly lighted dining room, the streets of New York seemed almost totally dark. Shielded dim blue lamps glowed faintly at street corners. Broadway—the Great White Way—was no longer ablaze; no longer a carnival of animated and neon signboards.

Taxis were equipped with black-light auxiliary headlamps, whose ultraviolet rays, invisible to human eyes, were absorbed and visibly radiated by fluorescent paints. As a cab came down the street, Norton saw a previously invisible center stripe in the middle of the street turn white, then disappear as the cab passed them.

Not many feet under the darkened street, he realized, as he recalled young Rodgers' dinner conversation, lay the complex arteries of a great city—cables, mains, wires, pipes. And, like human arteries, they lay within slashing distance beneath the city's skin.

He was bumped violently in the darkness. He backed away, said, "Sorry."

Jock Rodgers, exploring the darkness with a flashlight that threw its ray through a blue lens, began to

laugh. Norton asked what the joke was. "You were apologizing to a lamppost," Rodgers told him.

The dim blue street lamps had been extinguished. Suddenly, from high above them, came three banshee shrieks of a siren.

"Air raid!" said Norton.

Almost at once they heard the chatter of antiaircraft batteries. They groped their way back to the hotel, and an elevator whisked them to their room on the twentieth floor. The telephone was ringing. They ignored it and, without turning on the lights, threw open the windows and, leaning on the sill, looked west toward the Hudson River.

In the distance, great sixty-inch searchlights of 800-million candle-power fingered the skies, poking through holes in fluffy cloud formations 8,000 feet above the city. The searchlights swayed and shifted, picked out the snub-nosed barrage balloons, moved on, seeking other prey. Downtown, occasional puffs of smoke from antiaircraft shells were illuminated by the prying lights.

SUDDENLY, from the south, above the clouds, came the deep pulsating drone of the Nazi bombers. Wave after wave of planes added the throb of their motors to the increasingly loud drone.

"This is it," said Norton. "Must be hundreds of them."

Dull explosions sounded from the canyon of downtown buildings. Parachute flares, dropping to earth, momentarily illuminated the towering darkened skyscrapers in the financial district. A plane fell out of the clouds and spun groundward, a twisting, fiery thing, bathed in the glare of a searchlight.

"Got it!" Jock Rodgers said triumphantly, his camera pressed to his face.

A moment later the searchlights found a swaying parachute at the end of which dangled the Nazi pilot. Somewhere overhead a terrific dogfight raged invisibly as American fighters, climbing with frantic speed, sought to drive back the invading planes.

Westward, on the Jersey shore, a terrific sheet of yellow flame sprang into the air. A moment later the two heard the shaking, rumbling, mighty boom of the explosion that had set it off.

"Gas tanks," Jock Rodgers said. And then, excitedly, he pointed toward southwest Manhattan.

"Doug!" he shouted. "Look!"

And there was plenty for Doug to look at—as you certainly will agree when *Lightning in the Night* flashes next week! Ever wondered what it would be like to be in Manhattan under prolonged heavy bombing by the air force of a would-be world conqueror? This novel of a possible future will not only show you that but also where Hitler, having struck at American morale with his bombers, would logically begin his invasion!



Without the women of Kansas City—office women, club workers, and housewives—they never would have won.

BY ROBERT WAKE

Pendergast Is Free!

The revealing inside story of Kansas City's battle against dictatorship . . a lesson for all America

READING TIME • 31 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

IN April, 1939, not only were hard-working United States Attorney Milligan and his staff handed the intricate tax-evasion cases of Pendergast and his fellow swindler in the insurance-rate pay-off but another astounding case was dropped in Milligan's lap for prosecution. He turned

this one over to his able assistant, Richard K. Phelps.

It was a case more amazing than fiction, and one that deserves recording here, if only as illustrating vividly once again the depth to which an American city ruled by politico-criminal alliances can sink. It had been brewing since the fall of 1937, but had been handled in secret.

At that time Milligan's office and the chambers of Judges Otis and

Reeves were temporarily in a private building in a dingy, impoverished section of Kansas City. It was on East Ninth Street, across from the city's public library. In a part of the same building, at the street corner, was a small barroom, seemingly innocuous, whose windows proclaimed it to be the Studio Buffet and whose proprietor was Angelo Donnici—a short, unimpressive-looking, mild-mannered Italian in his sixties, with

white hair, twinkling eyes, and an Old World air of unfailing courtesy.

Donnici knew by sight most of those who worked in the temporary federal building, and when, on a summer's day, the judges passed his place, he would doff his hat and bow and say respectfully:

"Good morning, Judge Otis. Good morning, Judge Reeves."

They came to know and greet the old fellow, to nod to him when he drove past them in his 1929 Ford.

What they didn't know was that obsequious little Angelo Donnici was known to the underworld as "the Mayor of East Ninth Street"; that he was Pendergast's contact man for all of the organized vice and crime of that neighborhood; that he was worth more than a quarter of a million dollars in cash; and, finally, that he was the number one man in a twelve-million-dollar-a-year narcotics ring that supplied drug peddlers in Missouri and half a dozen neighboring states—and that the headquarters of the ring was the Studio Buffet.

These things Milligan and the two judges did not know—not then. Months later, however, little Donnici was to stand before Judge Otis, hat in hand, and hear himself sentenced to prison. And to hear Judge Otis say to him, "They call you the king of a ring, but you look less like a king than any man I have ever seen."

How did that come about?

Well, it was in 1937 that the watchman of a building in the city's business district was slugged and nearly killed by a gang of hoodlums who purported to be labor-union representatives. The building's owner was already pretty sick of Kansas City's reign of terror. Knowing he could expect no assistance from the local police, he took the matter up with a friend who headed a small, quietly working civic organization which employed a reputable private detective agency to look into some of the more flagrant outrages of Pendergastism.

TOLD to find out who had slugged the watchman, the agency assigned to the case one of its most capable operatives—a man who went by the name of Blackie Norris.

The watchman had said that the thugs had seemed to be Italians. That was all Blackie Norris had to work on. He made discreet inquiries. He learned that mild-mannered Papa Donnici was something of a political power in Kansas City, and that his Studio Buffet was a hangout for many of the city's Italian hoodlums. Posing as a gambler, Blackie Norris wormed his way into Donnici's confidence. Finally he made him a proposition. He would pay Donnici well for the privilege of operating a poker game in the back room of Donnici's barroom. Donnici agreed. Blackie Norris ran his poker game, kept his ears and eyes open, and picked up no clue whatever to the mystery of who had slugged the watchman. But he

stumbled upon something far bigger: the saloon of Angelo Donnici was the headquarters for one of the biggest narcotics rings in America.

Blackie Norris contacted the Narcotics Bureau of the United States government. The matter was referred to J. B. Greeson, district supervisor for the district embracing Missouri, Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Kansas. Greeson assigned one of his best undercover narcotics agents, Joseph Define, to the case, and Define and Blackie Norris laid a trap.

Define had been a member of the United States Military Intelligence Unit and, after the World War, an agent of the Department of Justice. He was a little man with prematurely gray hair, an American citizen born in Algiers. He spoke Italian fluently. On December 1, 1937, he came to Kansas City and called the Studio Buffet. The next day, getting Donnici himself on the phone, he said he was "Johnny Brown"—the name he was to use throughout the case. When he mentioned Blackie Norris, the cautious Donnici told him to come over. He said he was just leaving town for two weeks. He was told to call again on his return.

ON December 16 he did so, and suggested that Donnici come to his room in the Frederic Hotel. Around three that afternoon Donnici came with Blackie Norris, who had vouched to him for Johnny Brown as a friend who was eager to buy some narcotics. Donnici was still cautious. He nodded toward Blackie Norris.

"This man has been talking dope to me," he said. "I don't know a thing about it. Are you an Italian?" Johnny Brown said he was. Norris left them to themselves, and Donnici went on:

"I don't know this man Norris long. He is an American. You know, you can't trust Americans. A man in this business has to be very careful. I don't know, but I will see what I can do."

Donnici left. That evening he returned with a young man named Alec. "Now, here is the man," he told Johnny Brown. "You talk with him. Anything that you do with him, I am responsible for it. I will guarantee it."

Johnny Brown pondered, shrugged, agreed. Donnici went away, and Alec got down to business. He didn't want to bother with selling the mere two "pieces"—ounces of narcotics—that Brown said he wanted, so Brown raised his order to five, at \$80 a "piece." Alec asked for the money.

"I'll give you half now and the rest on delivery," Brown said, and paid him \$200.

Alec left. Twenty minutes later he phoned Brown to meet him in a corner restaurant. Brown found him there drinking coffee. There were three other men in the place who looked Brown over carefully. Alec took Brown to a parking lot behind Kansas City's notorious Chesterfield Club, and there the narcotics agent

paid the remaining \$200. Shortly afterward the five ounces of narcotics were delivered to him in his hotel room.

A few days later he and Norris walked into the Studio Buffet. Donnici asked if the drugs purchased from Alec had been satisfactory. Brown said they had been.

"I think I will call up Alec and tell him you are in town again," Donnici said.

That night Alec phoned Brown that he was too busy to come over but would see him tomorrow night. The following night Brown was sitting in his hotel room playing solitaire when some one knocked on the door. He opened it. A strange young man came in and said:

"Alec doesn't show up—he sends me over. He tells me to do business with you. How many pieces?"

"I think I'll take two this time," Brown said. He had \$400 in cash in his pockets, to buy more if the stranger should insist. But the stranger didn't.

"All right," he said, without argument. "I'll go get it."

But before starting, asking permission, he went into Brown's bathroom and shut the door behind him. Brown returned to his solitaire. When the stranger came out, he had a gun in each hand.

"Reach!" he said. "Stand up and get over on the bed, face down. Keep those hands where I can see 'em."

The little narcotics agent did as he was bid. The stranger put away one gun, frisked Brown, and took the \$400 roll of bills. Keeping Brown covered with the other gun, he backed toward the door to the corridor. Then he pocketed that gun also and turned his back to Brown to open the door. The moment had arrived.

LYING face down on the bed, Brown had only to move his hand a matter of inches to reach his own loaded revolver, which lay beneath his pillow. The young thug was but a few feet away, unsuspecting and a perfect target. Brown could kill him with one shot.

To kill or not to kill?

If the man left the room, so did \$400 of the United States government's money. Yet, if Brown killed this hijacker, it might disclose the fact that Brown was a government agent.

His hand, so near his gun, twitched involuntarily. It was his move—and he had to make the right move.

In that split second he made his decision. The stranger walked out unmolested. There would have been a lot of satisfaction in potting him—but that wouldn't have been the right move.

Instead, Brown got in touch with Blackie Norris and the two went to the Studio Buffet. Donnici was the man who had negotiated the sales and guaranteed satisfaction. Brown complained to him bitterly. A fine way to treat a man who came into town and became a customer!

Little Angelo Donnici's gentle eyes grew hard as he listened. "So they did that to you, Johnny," he said. "You come back here at midnight. I will see who did it. I will have the money for you."

"I'm blaming you for it," Brown said. "Why shouldn't I? You were the only one, except Blackie, here, who knew the number of my hotel room."

Papa Donnici nodded. "You have my word. You will get your money back—or some one dies."

But at midnight he said he had not yet been able to find out who the hijacker was. He needed a little more time. "Come back tomorrow noon," he said. "I will have Alec here."

Brown and Blackie showed up the next day at noon. Alec didn't. "Never mind," said Papa Donnici. "I know who the thief is. His name is Tony. He has until Saturday to give back your money."

"And if he doesn't?"

"Then somebody is going to die."

Saturday came. The man named Tony did not appear. The money was not returned. Within a week the body of a man named Tony, with five bullet holes in it, was washed up out of the Missouri River.

Blackie Norris was sitting in Papa Donnici's saloon a few nights later when some friends came in to tell the little old fellow that his son had just been found shot to death. Blackie Norris watched his face. It showed no emotion whatever. With nothing more than a shrug, he went on polishing beer glasses behind the bar until his bartender arrived. Then he took off his apron, got into his coat, and, still without a word or a facial expression, went outside and crawled into his old Ford and drove away.

On the strength of the hijacking, Johnny Brown—really Joseph Define—brought another narcotics agent, Benedict Pocarobo, into the case. He explained to Donnici that Pocarobo was his bodyguard. More purchases of narcotics were made, more evidence gathered, and in April, 1939, the government's evidence was in Milligan's hands.

THE narcotics ring headed by Angelo Donnici was the largest in the United States. It did a business of one million dollars a month. Supplies came from the Orient to New York, whence a lieutenant of the notorious gangster Lepke sent them to Kansas City, distributing point. There pure heroin in crystal form was ground up and adulterated with milk sugar, quinine, and other substances. To each ounce of heroin were added from four to five ounces of adulterants. Through that "cutting" alone, the ring made a profit of 1,000 per cent.

When drug shipments arrived in Kansas City, they were delivered to the cutting rooms in a truck on which sat an armed guard. The guard was an officer of the Kansas City Police Department.

The ring was powerful and dan-

gerous. When it first tumbled to the fact that Milligan intended to have Phelps prosecute its members to the hilt, warnings with threats of death were sent Milligan. He sealed his garage against any intruder who might plant a bomb in his automobile, and slept with a loaded .44 on his bedside table.

Angelo Donnici was sentenced to thirteen years in prison. Bossie Nigro, an unsavory hoodlum who had been made a constable by Gil Bourk, tried to carry on Kansas City's dope business. The government agents soon nailed Bossie and his lads and he was brought to trial. Prosecuted by Assistant United States Attorney Phelps, he was convicted and sentenced to serve ten years in prison.

IT is time to sum up and see what we have.

By September of last year the people of Kansas City had found officially confirmed what they may have previously suspected: That they had been living in a machine-ruled, hoodlum-infested town dominated by a political boss whose henchmen sat in nearly every city, county, and

state key spot. Milligan had put Pendergast away and exploded a myth of long standing to the effect that, whatever else might be said of Uncle Tom, he never took a cent for himself. The fact was that he took millions.

City Manager McElroy, another myth, had passed on to whatever next world "country bookkeeping" is done in, leaving the city's finances in a nine-million-dollar snarl.

The county reeked with graft and waste; its institutions were filled with pathetic victims of mismanagement and mistreatment.

The City Hall gang, clinging to its jobs after the Boss went to Leavenworth, had been riding high and unmolested in the lush days. Those had been the days when the city council, a rubber stamp for Pendergast and McElroy, did the city's business the way the machine wanted it done. Mayor Smith had enjoyed a nine-year siesta in his City Hall office. Only one city councilman, a lonely Republican, had voted against the machine. He complained once that the only motion he ever made and had carried was one to adjourn.

Such was the plundering machine

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that the citizens of Kansas City found on their backs.

Milligan helped open their eyes with the vote-fraud prosecutions. Then he held a squirming Pendergast aloft for them to see. Governor Stark came through with an honest election board and a self-respecting police force headed by a young ex-G-man, L. B. Reed, who, unless all signs fail, has since done a sincere and conscientious job of cleaning house where a mopping was badly indicated.

Then came a series of six county grand juries. Some of these, like some of the judges who have called them, have been earnest and effective. Some have been machine from the go or have bogged down under the pressure of machine cliques. Though they have indicted by the hundreds, the follow-up prosecutions have been something less than diligent. At any rate, these grand juries did keep alive and hot the public indignation that last year was finally aroused.

DAY after day the citizens of Kansas City picked up their newspapers (well, two of their newspapers, anyway) to read of some new political exposure. Day after day, their tempers rose. Fighting mad, they directed their anger at the City Hall mob. But that mob was so incredibly entrenched, so arrogant, and so resourceful that it looked, for a while, as though the citizens were in—as usual—for their lumps.

Upon the resignation of McElroy, they demanded that a new city manager without machine affiliations be put in his place. The councilmen—four Pendergast men, two Shannon men, a Gil Bourk man, and the lone Republican—not only ignored the clamor of the public but unanimously voted into the city managership the secretary of Mayor Smith.

It early became evident that if the people of Kansas City were to accomplish anything whatever toward putting their civic house in order, they would first have to toss out of office the entire city council, the mayor, the city manager, and, if possible, practically every elective officeholder in the City Hall and such judges as they might be able to get a legal headlock on.

A people's Charter Party was formed, chairmanned by Hal W. Luhnnow, a prominent citizen. Into its ranks began to flock business men who for more than ten years had feared to criticize the Pendergast machine. By midsummer of 1939 the Charter Party had set as its goal the ousting, by recall, of six machine city councilmen and of Mayor Smith.

The workings of a recall, under the city charter, were simple but tricky. Any qualified voter in Kansas City could start a recall by filing with the city clerk an affidavit naming the elective officer to be removed and the grounds for removal. The city clerk would then issue petitions for circulation. Twenty per cent of the citizens who had voted in the last election

for mayor would have to sign the petitions. The signatures needed in this case would total about 40,000.

The city clerk was a machine worthy named Charles Regan. The Charter Party leaders presented their affidavits. Regan stalled for a few days, could find nothing wrong with them. They demanded recall petitions to be circulated among the people, enough petitions to take 200,000 signatures—which was fair enough, since it would show the temperature of the man in the street.

Regan flatly refused to supply them with enough petitions to take more than 45,000 signatures. That gave the Charter Party a narrow margin. If errors were made in enough petitions to justify Regan in tossing out more than 5,000 names, the recall would be sabotaged. The Charter group were allowed thirty days in which to circulate petitions. They finally got into the field on August 10.

By the end of the first day they had 25,753 signatures. Even the "Bloody Twelfth" Ward, a one-time Pendergast stronghold, registered its revulsion from the machine. The recall forces found themselves with more citizens eager to sign than they had petitions for signatures. One woman signer summed the public temper up nicely: "I might be signing my very life away if the machine ever found out. But I'll sign."

Many WPA workers signed, with the rueful comment, "I may be signing my job away." The district WPA director announced that they were free to sign if they wished.

City Clerk Regan had grudgingly promised to allow petitions for an additional 11,000 signatures, a margin that the Charter Party members felt would be sufficient for safety. As an additional expression of public anger at the machine it seemed superfluous, for in only two days enough signatures to force a recall had been obtained. The will of the people had been unmistakably demonstrated.

BUT the machine, which cared nothing about the will of the people, chose this moment for an adroit bit of trickery. Two city councilmen who were under recall fire resigned in a hurry. No explanation was given. Their resignations partially sabotaged the recall move under way, for under the city charter the remaining members of the city council could legally name successors to the memberships left vacant. And these two councilmen named by the machine would not be legally subject to recall until after six months.

There still remained, however, the recall petitions against four councilmen and the mayor. These had been returned, as the law required, to City Clerk Regan. It was his duty to check them and pass upon the sufficiency and validity of the signatures. He hired himself sixty helpers and went to work, while the Charter Party sat by keeping an eye open for new tricks.

The petitions bore both the signers'

names and their addresses. Within a few days the Charter Party learned that machine precinct workers were going through the precincts distributing post cards. On one side of each card was a statement that circulators of the recall petitions had misrepresented facts, and that the signer of the card wished his name withdrawn from the petition he had signed. On the other side were the name and address of City Clerk Charles Regan.

Regan told newspapermen he had no idea who were circulating the cards or how they had obtained the names and addresses of persons who had signed recall petitions now in his hands. Further, he declared that he was finding an ungodly number of "questionable" signatures on the Charter Party's petitions. Hal Luhnnow insisted that the party itself would prosecute to the hilt for any false signatures, and asked to see the petitions in question. Regan grudgingly permitted a Charter Party committee to watch the checking of the petitions for a little while, then gruffly ordered the party "watchers" out of City Hall.

AND then he and his assistants began to toss out recall petitions by the handful. "It is my duty," he said, "to catch every error." Out went petitions which he said had been notarized by persons whose notary commissions had expired; petitions where (he said) a husband had signed for his wife and other members of his family; petitions signed in ordinary lead pencil instead of indelible pencil or ink; petitions where signers had given the name of the hotel in which they lived but omitted its street number. To these were added a staggering number of petitions that bore signatures of voters who, the conscientious Regan felt, might not be qualified electors.

It was Regan's move—and he was moving. The dead-line date for his decision as to the sufficiency and validity of the signatures came—and went. He said that he and his workers had not yet completed their study. He blamed the delay, in part, on the Charter Party, which had "interfered" with his work.

The Charter Party leaders scented an attempt on his part to lure them into court action, which would create new grounds for delay. They sat tight. On August 28, Regan and his crew announced that they had finished their task and that *none* of the recall petitions filed against Mayor Smith and four members of the city council was sufficient!

By law, the citizens were allowed ten days in which to circulate more petitions and obtain supplementary signatures. They could also, in that time, inquire into the processes by which Regan had arrived at his decision against this signature or that one. But such was the arrogance of the machine that Regan bluntly refused to allow an examination of the petitions he had tossed out, refused to give reasons for striking off names,

and refused to allow the petitioners more than a 25-per-cent surplus of supplementary petitions. Thereupon he locked all of the petitions in the City Hall vault and hid himself to St. Joseph's Hospital to rest his heart.

The recall forces openly charged Regan with striking off a number of signatures that were legitimate, but couldn't get into the vault to prove their assertion. Mayor Smith made a brave show of anger. "I am going out to the hospital, if necessary, myself, to get the key to the vault," he said. Needless to say, he didn't get the key. And no one at City Hall could be found to admit that he had access to the vault.

On September 6 a locksmith was called in. He ruined the \$500 door to the vault. But he got it open. And inside were the petitions.

The Charter Party, however, did not get a look at them. They were whisked away into the keeping of a Jackson County grand jury whose term would expire within three days. The grand jury was unable to find the cases of forgery of which Regan had complained.

Eventually the petitions reached the hands of Charter Party inspectors, who photostated those that Regan had tossed out. Protests came in from citizens whose signatures he had pronounced to be forgeries.

The Charter Party had easily obtained signatures on supplementary petitions. These had been turned in to the city clerk's office for checking. On September 18 John J. Donohue, acting city clerk, announced that all recall petitions, original and supplementary, were insufficient.

The recall election was blocked.

The machine had thumbed its nose at the wishes of more than 50,000 decent citizens.

And, incidentally, four days later Waller W. Graves, non-prosecuting county prosecutor of Jackson County, had received an increase in salary voted him by the state legislature.

THE Charter Party group now decided to work for a special election for a charter amendment whereby every city official holding office would be removed. It invited other angry citizens' organizations to join forces with it.

Governor Stark pointed to the sabotage of the recall election as proof that "an utter lack of law enforcement" existed in Kansas City, and laid it directly on the doorstep of Graves, whose ousting he demanded.

About this time, too, Circuit Court Judge Paul A. Buzard called one of the most effective of the county grand juries to lift still further the "curtain of corruption." A young judge, serving his first term in the criminal division, he suggested that the jurors explore the Missouri insurance-rate settlement for which Pendergast and O'Malley had gone to prison, and that they look into City Clerk Regan's handling of petitions.

Out of that grand jury came indict-

ments of Pendergast and O'Malley for bribery, of former Director of Police Higgins, and of Regan for his handling of the recall petitions. This last indictment was subsequently dismissed.

Meanwhile a rejuvenated Kansas City police department, under young politician-hating Chief L. B. Reed, had swooped down upon a manufacturing or distributing plant and seized 1,200 pairs of such dice and 729 decks of such cards as had been furnished gambling joints in the wide-open days of the Pendergast regime. The cards were marked, the dice crooked.

On the night of October 30, 1939, the machine officeholders in Kansas City must have slept uneasily. Public indignation had reached the boiling point. A citizens' mass meeting was held. It was attended by rich and poor, by representatives of every antimachine organization, by young and old. The next day 2,000 antimachine canvassers took to the field



to obtain signatures on petitions calling for that special election whose purpose would be to oust the machine from the City Hall through amendment of the city charter.

The public response was stimulating. Signatures poured in. The machine showed unusual restraint. Only one "good government" canvasser was robbed of his petitions at the point of a gun; only one woman canvasser was knocked down in the streets. Mayor Smith was still announcing "complete reorganizations" of hideously corrupt city departments, but no one was listening to him. By November 10 the canvassers had obtained 100,000 signatures. And this time the petitions would be turned in, for certification and count, to the election board.

Within ten days the election board verified sufficient signatures to call for a special election. As the law required, they went to the City Hall and presented a copy of their certification to Mayor Smith as head of the city council. The council was required by law to set the date for an

election within ninety days. The eighty-ninth day would have been February 13.

The machine city council, instead of setting a date, busied itself with submitting five other amendments to be voted on in the special election. The purpose obviously was to confuse the voter when and if the machine did let him go to the polls.

Still clinging desperately to City Hall, the machine made a change in city managers. Mayor Smith resigned. He said he "rested on his record." A second federal grand jury was hammering away, and the sixth county grand jury was in line to be summoned by Judge Marion D. Waltner. The grand jury that had preceded his term of court had, in dissolving, submitted a report suggesting that there was still more work to be done and expressing the hope that the following grand jury would carry on.

REPORTERS visited Judge Waltner. "The calling of a grand jury is my own responsibility," he told them. "I'll call one when I deem it necessary. No grand jury is going to tell me what to do."

It was pointed out to him that the previous grand jury had *suggested*, not *commanded*.

"Well, I don't appreciate it," he said curtly. "It's not a grand jury's place to tell a judge. The judge tells the grand jury."

Judge Waltner's term began January 28. He did not impanel a grand jury until February 6.

It had been Judge Waltner who had awarded a minimum sentence to Joe Evola; Judge Waltner who had doubted at the outset of Prosecutor Graves' trial that there was sufficient evidence to convict; Judge Waltner who had tossed out the case against Graves and dismissed three remaining indictments. All of these things, it should be made clear, were done strictly according to the letter of the law.

It was the Graves case that brought from Governor Stark a wry smile and the quiet crack: "I think the people of Missouri understand."

That remark threw Judge Waltner into a rage. He threatened to cite the governor for contempt, and demanded an apology.

And now, when Kansas Citians were walking past City Hall holding their noses, Judge Waltner told the grand jury he had finally got around to impaneling:

"Be not deceived by any false standards set up by those who have made political capital for months past by the slander and vilifications of all of the residents of this county, that they . . . might strive to climb to prominence over all the dead bodies of those incidentally in the pathway."

Conditions in Kansas City, said the learned judge, were no different from conditions in any other American city, and he offered the grand jurors their choice of Prosecutor Graves or Attorney General McKittrick, or both, to help find that out for

themselves. He warned them against help from any other source, told them to go the limit without fear or favor, and struck a pious keynote: "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

The upshot was that Prosecutor Graves, who had been reappointed to office by Judge Waltner after a period of illness when he had been released temporarily, came back to direct the efforts of this new grand jury. He announced that he would begin immediately a probe of alleged tampering with previous grand juries. Particularly, it would seem, Judge Southern's—the one that had shown the residents of Jackson County what a civic gutter they had been lolling in. For this noble work the County Court voted Graves an "investigation fund" of \$4,000.

He also decided to investigate the Kansas City Star, to see if the Star had been paying its taxes!

The Waltner grand jury returned sixteen indictments. Nine were routine criminal indictments. Among the others indicted were Chief of Police Reed, who had been doing his sincere best to build up a clean police department; one of Governor Stark's investigators; and the lawyer for the Forward Kansas City Committee, a clean-up organization. Reed was charged with oppression in office because he had fingerprinted certain men. The other two indictments charged attempts to "influence" members of previous grand juries. Later Graves backed down on the Reed indictment.

MEANWHILE the clean-up forces had battled the issue of a City Hall cleanout to a showdown. A date was set for a special election. To win, they needed on the side of good government the vote of every woman it could enlist. And the women were definitely aroused. One of them said, "We women realize that the home is the unit on which democracy is built. When any organization can reach into a home and destroy the ideals of its members, envelop it in a state of fear and coercion, and decrease its earning power, then it is time to destroy that organization once and for all."

The machine planned to put its own slate of candidates before the citizens, but it needed money. There were no longer gambling or bawdy houses to be shaken down. So it told county employees to lay 25 per cent of their monthly pay checks on the line. And some of the employees had the nerve to risk their jobs (in the event the machine won) by refusing to kick back.

The machine held a get-together and, for the first time in its history, admitted, through John G. Madden, chairman of the Democratic County Committee and the lawyer who had defended Pendergast and Graves, that: "We cannot blind ourselves to disclosures in government which are deplorable. We enter this campaign with gratitude to every group

lending their aid to the cause of honest and more efficient government."

It was a ringing speech, keynoted with the clarion call to good party members and true to nominate "unpledgeable, uncontrolled, and uncontrollable" candidates. The only trouble with it was that, before it was delivered, Mr. Madden stopped to chat with James M. Pendergast, nephew of convict Pendergast, and Frank Shannon, the son of factional leader Joseph B. Shannon.

The clean-up groups drafted a slate of eight candidates for the city council, two for municipal judgeships, and John B. Gage, a Kansas City lawyer, for mayor. The slate was a mixture of Democrats and Republicans; the idea was to draft the best men available.

The machine picked its slate, deplored the abuses of the past, appealed to "party loyalty," promised a new deal with new reforms, and kicked around a corpse—that of Hank McElroy. On his dead shoulders it now piled the blame for all the organized viciousness of the past.

The election, set for April 2, 1940, drew near. On March 31 the machine, which had had a flag-draped headquarters on Walnut Street with a large picture of President Roosevelt displayed in the window to catch "loyal Democrat" votes, gave up the pretense and returned to 1908 Main Street. There the heir to Boss Tom's throne, his nephew James, received reports and gave final instructions for campaign strategy.

The machine found itself deserted in its dark hour by many stanch Democrats. James Patrick Quinn, a young and extremely handsome lawyer and Democrat, took the stump for the clean-up parties and gave a final stab of repudiation to Pendergastism. He told his listeners that as late as March 28, 1938, he had made the closing speech for machine candidates in a city election. He repeated part of it, and added: "As utterly foolish as that language now sounds, I was sincere in the speech I made at that time. Even though that was after the election-fraud cases, there were a great number of us who implicitly trusted the leaders of the machine . . . thinking it was the Democratic Party . . ." No longer, he said, could that delusion exist.

ON April 2 the aroused citizens marched to the polls. They elected seven of their eight candidates for the city council, their candidate for mayor, and their two candidates for municipal judges. At that, it was a tight squeeze. Out of a total of 167,646 votes, they won by a majority of 19,906. Without the women of Kansas City, they never would have. For nearly 75,000 women, office women, club workers, and housewives, had been appealed to to pick up their figurative brooms and whack a political bully over the head.

Even yet the battle is not completely won. What is left of the machine has a stubborn strength. The

county government needs a scrubbing brush if the good work is to be carried on. Grand jury indictments, in the fighting days, were handed down by the bushel, but so were dismissals of those indictments. A just and vigorous follow-through is needed. Re-indictments and stiff prison sentences would seem to be in order. You can't compromise with a machine.

If this series of articles has seemed to point a finger—for the second time—at the shame and corruption of Kansas City, it must be remembered that all the more credit now redounds to the decent citizenry. For no people in America ever threw off a more vicious, corrupt, and resourceful domination. They must be made—these people of Kansas City—of the right stuff, to have done it at all.

KANSAS CITY has a new set of officials. They are decent men. But one of their gravest problems will be to keep in mind that Boss Pendergast, though he exploited the unfortunate miserably, did send his precinct captains on the run with a bucket of coal. He did give jobs—for his own sinister purpose, it is true—to thousands of men and women. Many of them were incompetent, undeserving, criminals at heart. And many of them were not.

Reform too often wears a long and sour face. Pure government alone won't warm a man's shivering children or fill his belly. Men who ask nothing more than a chance to work at a job they can handle and support themselves in self-respect deserve that chance. And there, perhaps, will be the grandest test of an administration that has brought decency back to Kansas City. With the help of business men who no longer need bow to the whims or extortions of a rapacious political machine, it is possible that that problem, too, will be solved. The people of Kansas City have shown that they accept challenges which some other American communities have been shirking. May luck continue to ride with them!

One thought remains. In a world ablaze, nothing is of greater importance than a united nation. No nation can be stronger than its cities; no city stronger than its government. It is a very plain grade of common sense to assert that now, as at no time in the history of living men and women, do the municipalities in our great American nation need at their helm men who are not only incorruptible but competent.

Kansas City is putting such men in office, despite incredible obstacles.

To Kansas City the eyes of a whole nation today may well turn admiringly and with profit. Kansas City has within its progressive borders a lesson for all America.

For the future of America may well depend upon those qualities that Kansas City is showing—unity in a good cause, ability to handle its own affairs, and the fighting stuff of which this nation has been molded.

THE END

Liberty's Patriotic United States Constitution Quiz Contest

PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	\$500
SECOND PRIZE	250
THIRD PRIZE	100
FOURTH PRIZE	50
FIFTY PRIZES, each \$10.....	500
220 PRIZES, each \$5.....	1,100
TOTAL PRIZES	\$2,500

HAVE you started your entry in Liberty's \$2,500 cash prize quiz on the Constitution of the United States? It is not too late to begin your claim to a share of the prize money, even though this is the fourth week of the competition. You still can start with an excellent chance of finishing among the leaders. And every one who completes this quiz, even though not awarded a prize, will finish with a renewed knowledge of the provisions of the great document that underlies the nation's freedom.

If you are already a competitor you are probably ready to answer this week's quiz without further reading. If you are just about to enter, please read the brief Rules carefully to understand the conditions governing the contest. Then clip this week's questions and set down the answers as directed. A study of the Constitution will supply your answers, some of which you will quite possibly elect to give by direct quotation of words or phrases from the document.

There is undoubtedly a copy of the Constitution of the United States in one of the reference volumes among your books. If for any reason you wish an individual copy of the Constitution for use in this contest, Liberty can furnish it. Mail your request to the address in Rule 8 and enclose ten cents in stamps to cover expense of handling and mailing.

THE RULES

1. Each week for thirteen weeks, ending with the issue dated December 7, 1940, Liberty will publish a set of questions on the Constitution of the United States.
2. To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath. In answering, wherever possible state first the Article of the Constitution, second the Section, and finally, while you are not restricted as to the number of words you can use, for the sake of brevity use the fewest words possible, preferably words selected direct from the Constitution. When answers are found in the Amendments, substitute the word "Amendment" for "Article" when writing your answers.
3. Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when you will have a set of thirteen coupons and the requisite answers. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.
4. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
5. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
6. Entries will be judged upon the accuracy and logic of the answers given.
7. On this basis, the best entry will be awarded the \$500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded the \$250 Second Prize, \$100 Third Prize, and \$50 Fourth Prize, in the order of their excellence. The fifty next best entries will receive \$10 each, and the 220 next best entries will be awarded \$5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
8. All entries must be submitted by First Class mail, addressed to Constitution Quiz Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
9. To be considered, all entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Wednesday, December 18, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

Late-Entry Offer!

In the event you have given away or mislaid the issues containing the first three sets of questions, reprints of this quiz material are available. Send to the address in Rule 8, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover handling and mailing costs. Your order will be filled without delay.

UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION QUIZ No. 4

1. Where in the Constitution does the word "census" first occur?
2. On what day of what month do the terms of United States representatives and senators end?
3. Where in the Constitution is the first mention of the Supreme Court?
4. From what charges are senators and representatives exempt from arrest during their attendance at the sessions of their respective houses?
5. When may the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus be suspended?

How Will the Negroes Vote?



FULTON OURSLER

strength of democracy. No mere German vote, Jewish vote, Irish vote—Americans all now, voting as individuals, not as parts of an organized clique. True, there was a time when the Republicans felt they could count on most of the Negro votes, but that period is past. There are those who say that in 1940 the twelve million Negroes in the United States of America are coming of political age. Others with special interests to serve believe they can capture the dark vote and put it in their pocket. I doubt that. But my opinion is of less consequence than that of a well informed and intelligent Negro, and that is what Walter White may well be called—a well informed and intelligent Negro who will talk to you in Liberty next week and answer the question, How Will the Negroes Vote?

NO MAN KNOWS THE THEATER in the United States better than the gray-curved major-domo of the American critics, George Jean Nathan, who will start, next week in Liberty, a new and newsy series of articles about the theater and its people. For a great many years Nathan has been the most colorful and dreaded first-night hawk of the drama's enchanted aisles. Who will ever forget the racy sauce of his comments in the old Smart Set Magazine, edited, as said the wags of the century's teens, by Mencken, Nathan, and God. Then came Nathan's writing in the American Mercury, and since the sea change that came over that publication he has been writing his opinions for News-Week. Next week he will tell you about some of the winners of drama prizes and of their plays for the season that is now getting under way.

AMONG THE OTHER GOOD things in next week's Liberty you are especially recommended to read these excellent short stories: The Little Striped Shawl, by Evelyn Cornish; Men Against the River, by William E. Hayes; and The Cards that Played Themselves, by Sidney S. Lenz; and, in addition, an especially good true short story called A Financier, by Achmed Abdullah. Also I feel sure you will enjoy When Pacifists Are Traitors, by Rupert Hughes; How the Gestapo Works, by René Kraus; The Rookies that Bloomed in the Spring, by "Yankee Stade"; Off the Networks, by Frederick Lewis; together with full installments of the current serials.

SALMACUNDI: Dr. Bartus T. Baggott of Baltimore was telling an amusing story the other day of how a mother cat defeated some British soldiers in the last war. Dr. Baggott writes as follows: "The terrain in front of Arras and Vimy Ridge

was riddled with trenches, dugouts, and a labyrinth of tunnels. Several times Germans had been chased within our lines and had managed to slip into dugouts and disappear. The signal officer and I of the Kensington (London) Battalion were great buddies and loved to explore these caves and tunnels. We decided there must be a tunnel running forward and connecting our dugouts with those of the Germans. We set out one day, and after wandering around for two or three hours underground through used and disused dugouts and tunnels, finally found one that ran straight away eastward. We kept along this cautiously, finding it became steadily lower in height until we were crawling in a stooped position. When we estimated we were about midway under no man's land (which was about two thousand yards wide in that area), we came upon a desperate stray cat (the ordinary old black-and-white alley type) standing guard over one tiny kitten. We tried to shoo her back, but she stood her ground with ears laid back and blew at us. We dared not shoot her for fear of the discharge of a heavy-calibre Webley pistol bringing the roof of chalk down on us, and we were at a distinct disadvantage in so narrow a tunnel, in having to crawl with faces almost as low as pussy could reach with well directed swipes. After many futile efforts to drive her back, we gave it up and backed out. Thus did a lone house cat force the strategic retirement of Anglo-American forces! We got back to HQ and told the C. O., who was Lieut. Col. Shaw, a distant relative of Bernard Shaw, of our experience. He told us off roundly and commented that the cat had probably saved our lives by preventing our arrival on the other side. Well, that was war and just the sort of foolish things we did when we were bored by trench warfare. I've often thought since then how one sticky-looking kitten, scarcely a day old, was instrumental, possibly, in saving the lives of one or both of us. We were ordered out of that part of the line the following morning and had no chance for further investigation of that tunnel. Probably nothing was ever done about it and the cat was not disturbed. Unless the Germans took her in the rear!"

FROM TERMINAL ISLAND TOPICS, edited and published weekly by the inmates and for the inmates of the Federal Correctional Institution, comes the following: "AN ARMY AWAITS. Thousands of patriotic Americans are ready, eager, and anxious to go to the defense of their country. In every penal institution in the United States able men are anxiously hoping that they may have a chance to serve." These men are not seeking any additional privileges either in parole or in shorter time. All they want is that when they may be released, either on parole or at the expiration of sentence, they be allowed "to serve our country on an equal basis with all other American citizens. We welcome conscription. Should it be deemed advisable to form a separate company consisting solely of ex-inmates, we will be quite content with that arrangement." It seems to me this is patriotism of a mighty fine order. It came as a result of an after-mess meeting of the inmates called by prisoner James D. Casey. In his subsequent re-

port Casey said: "I did not talk with any but American men and did not get any but Americans to sign our petition, with the exception of one Chinese fellow who overheard my conversation and insisted that he sign too." Boys, I hope you get your chance.

JOHNNY KLUNCK of 936 Michigan Avenue, Sheboygan, Wisconsin, has found us out. He writes as follows: "I was amazed to learn that you wrote About the Murder of the Circus Queen. Of course the reason was due to the assumed name. That book was swell. Incidentally, I have known you ages, because I began selling Liberty when they first commenced and in time I saw your name in said magazine. I sold more Libertys in this town than all other boy salesmen combined. At one period I sold 300 a week. I remained the best seller in this county for twelve years and finally retired." But he didn't say what he is doing now.

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday. FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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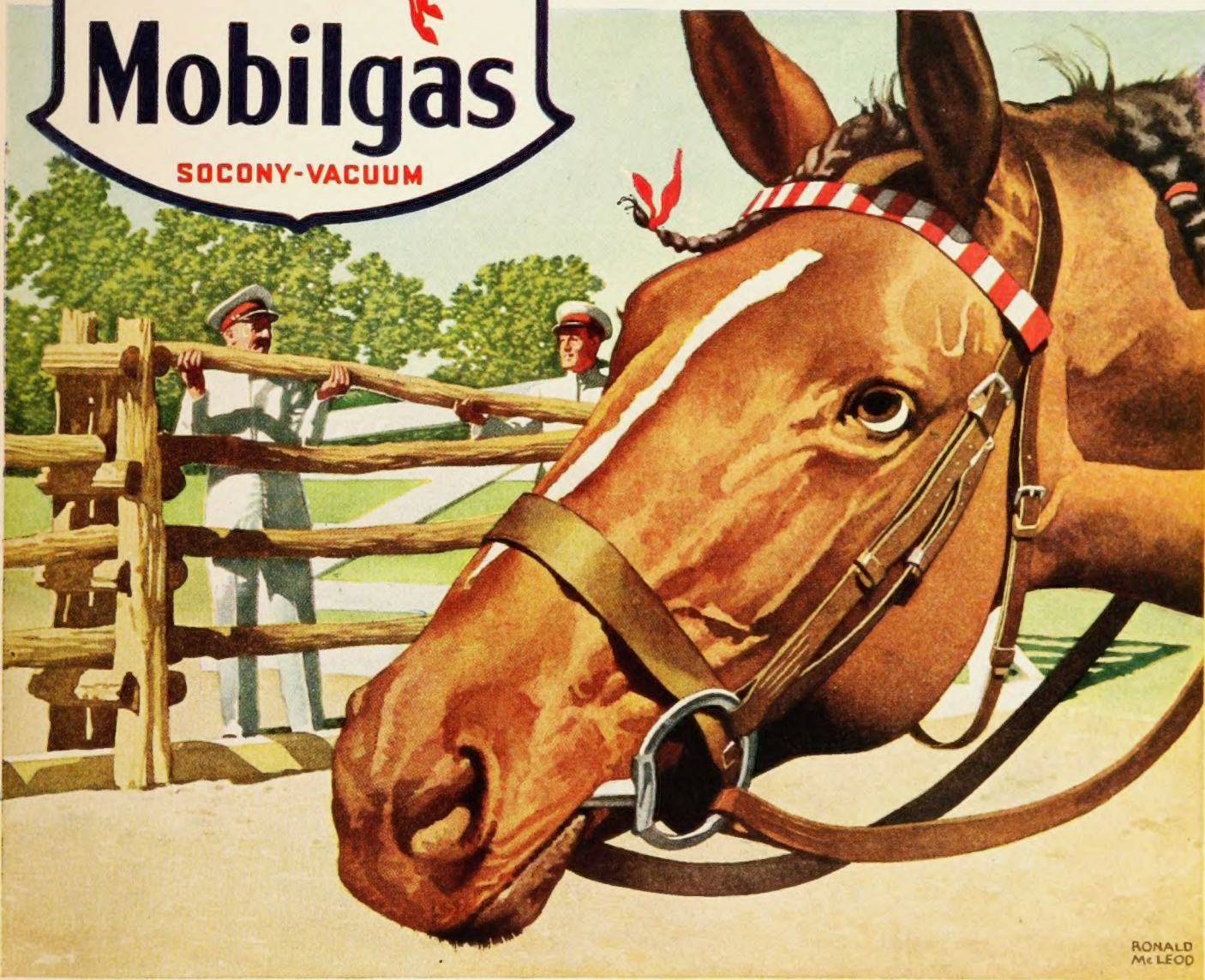
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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

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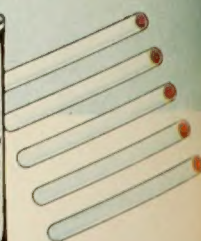
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